

THE BOMB







The Bomb

Virginia Military Institute

Class of 1908

Volume XXIV



Lexington, Virginia
1908

EVERETT WADDEY CO.

RICHMOND - VIRGINIA

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To
General Scott Shipp

Superintendent Emeritus

this volume of the Nomb is affectionately dedicated

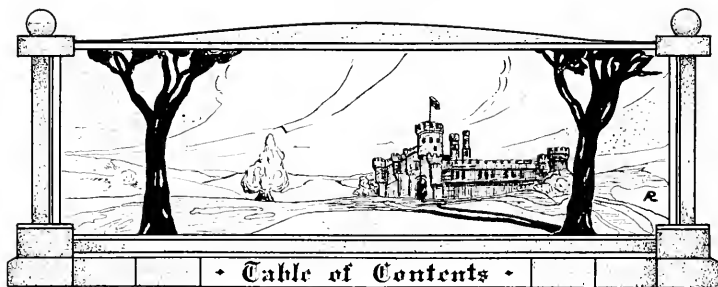
by

the Class of 1908

in appreciation of the long and faithful
service rendered their Alma Mater
and as a slight token of their
personal esteem.

*"May God in his infinite mercy bless all who have gone before,
all who are now here, and all who may come hereafter."*

—FINAL ADDRESS, JUNE 20, 1907.



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Forward



IN PRESENTING THIS BOOK we wish to thank all who have so materially helped in its publication; artists, advertisers, and writers, alike have aided us.

One who has been a cadet may realize the permits cheerfully forgone, and the hops carelessly neglected in the endeavor to publish an entertaining annual. To those who have not been one of us we ask for leniency.

Our efforts have been toward making a scrap book to which, in later life, when thoughts revert to our Alma Mater and beloved classmates, we can turn, and have every page bring to our eyes, veiled in the obscurity of the past, the scenes of the happiest and closest associations of our college life at V. M. I.



BARRACKS

WASHINGTON, D.C.



Calendar—1907-'08



September 4.	New Cadets report.
September 11.	School opens.
September 14, 15	Opening Hops.
October 5.	Football game with William and Mary College at Lexington, Va.
October 12.	Football game with St. Stephens Institute at Lexington Va.
October 16.	Football game with Univ. of Va. at Charlottesville, Va.
November 2.	Football game with Roanoke College at Lexington, Va.
November 6.	Football game with Va. Poly. Inst. at Roanoke, Va. Corps accom- panies team.
November 11.	Founders' Day. Holiday.
November 16.	Football game with Baltimore Medical College at Lexington, Va.
November 23.	Football game with Eastern College at Lexington, Va.
November 28.	Football game with Davidson College at Roanoke, Va.
November 26, 30.	Thanksgiving Hops.
December 25.	Christmas Holiday begins at Reveille, ends at Taps.
December 31.	First Class Banquet .
January 5, 6.	New Year's Hops.
January 10.	Lee's birthday. Holiday.
February 22.	Washington's birthday. Holiday.
March 18.	Base ball game with Staunton Military Academy at Lexington, Va.
March 23.	Review before Hon. Wm. J. Bryan.
March 28.	Baseball game with Fishburne Military Academy at Lexington, Va.
April 3.	Baseball game with Hampden Sidney College at Lexington, Va.
April 7.	Baseball game with Roanoke College at Lexington, Va.
April 11.	Baseball game with Richmond College at Lexington, Va.
April 16.	Baseball game with St. John's College at Lexington, Va.
April 20.	Baseball game with V. P. I. at Roanoke, Va.
April 24, 25.	Inspection by Capt. Harris, U. S. A., and Easter German.
April 25.	Baseball game with Univ. of Md. at Lexington, Va., and Easter Hop.
April 28.	Baseball game with Davidson College at Lexington Va.
May 8.	Baseball game with Bridgewater College at Lexington, Va.
May 15.	New Market Day. Holiday.
May 21.	Baseball game with Univ. of W. Va. at Lexington, Va.
June 1.	Memorial Day.
June 16.	Finals begin with Opening Hop.
June 20.	Gymnasium Exhibit.
June 21.	Baccalaureate Sermon.
June 22.	Final German.
June 23.	Alumni Day and Smoker.
June 23.	Society Hop.
June 24.	"Auld Lang Syne." Dismissed!
June 24.	Final Ball.



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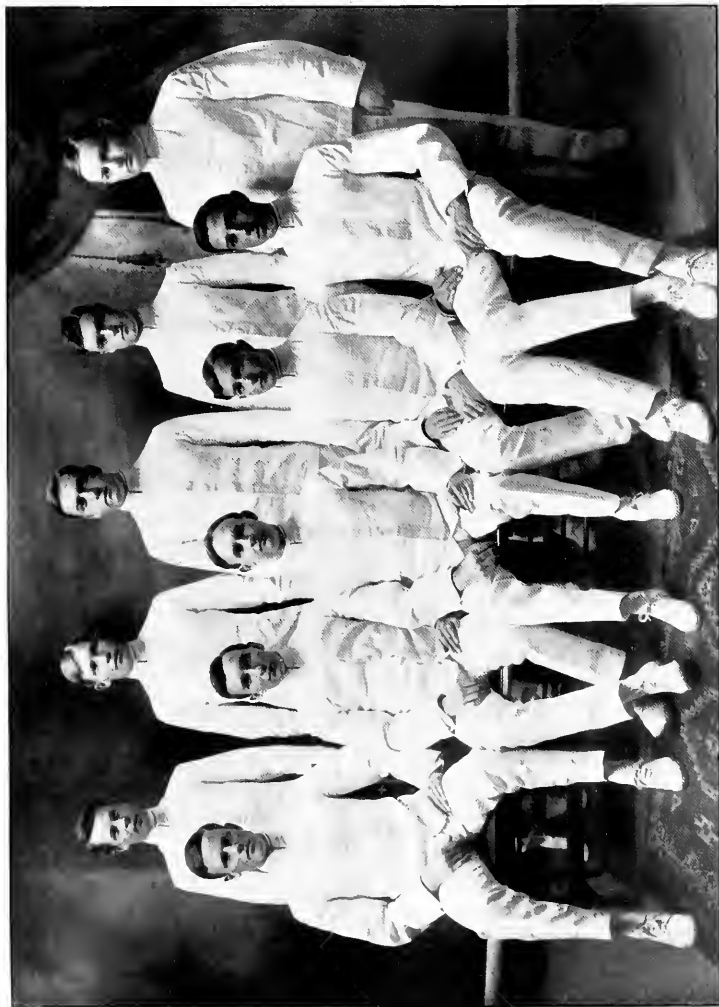
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The Towers



Far away two warlike Monsters
Loom above a battled wall,
Flooding barracks with their glory
As the evening shadows fall.

Scattered far the golden sunset
Seems to crown the warlike Kings,
While the Wind from brooding summits,
Lash their armor with her wings.

From each throne they gaze in silence,
As the clouds move on in flight;
While the sunset turns to purple,
Molding shadows into night.

Now their robes are drenched in silver
By the moonbeams from the sky,
Soon the Kings are lost in slumber
With the world, and V. M. I.

A. B. DeVault,
Class '08.



The Class of 1908



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CLASS COLORS

Light Blue and White



ISAAC F. ADAMS
Lynchburg, Va.

"The foremost man"

"Ike", "Jap", "Funst". Ike, our almond eyed Jap, arrived at the Institute, January 1905, and immediately upon assignment to quarters was locked in a trunk to prevent exportation, the feeling towards his nation being too hostile to allow one in barracks, even incognito. Like all his fellow countrymen, is jealous of a Chinaman and upon one occasion was caught throwing a small nail brush at sentinel Wen, to ease his maliciousness. Unexpectedly, this resulted in Ike becoming a member of the P. P. A., thus reducing his ambition to have only one band of braid on his arm instead of four. Tired of bachelor's life had firmly decided to settle down on a farm, but having learnt the art of bridge building resolved to demonstrate his knowledge to his townfolk. He is going to connect "Goblers Knob" (Daniels Hill) and Paradise Point (Diamond Hill) by a suspension viaduct so as to eliminate the time lost in the social traffic from one to another, thereby gaining that lost during meals.

"Don't tell me—," "When I get married—"

Matriculated, 1905; Marshal Final German; Marshal Final Ball; Member of '08 Football Team; Member of Gym. team '06-'07-'08, Capt. '08, Manager of Track team; Member of P. P. A.



ROBERT TEAGUE ANDERSON
Lexington, Va.

"I was never less alone, than when by myself."

"Rockbridge" "Bresh" "Rock of Ages".

"Rock" is really not as bad as he looks and when his acquaintance is cultivated, is a little more gentle than the tread of his feet. In spite of his shape, he is military and does not hesitate to bone the whole third class at one sitting, when O. G. Once invested thirty-five cents in a hair cut *a la pompadour*, and since then resembles a door mat on a rainy day. He is one of "Ma" Fray's disciples, and has visions of missionary work on the hill-men in this neighborhood. When on the "Richmond Trip" in '05, he was so delighted with street cars that he decided to take the electrical course and build a line of his own. Rock is a good fellow and a loyal member of '08.

"Let me read it again!!!"

Matriculated '05; Private Co. "A", '06, '07, '08; Member Y. M. C. A.; Member of Annex Club; Class Hermit.





STEWART WISE ANDERSON,

206 Dinwiddie St., Portsmouth, Va.

"His hair just grizzled, as in green old age"

"Molly" "Stewey" "Suey" "Tramp." A bright vision from the Tidewater, who, after a good deal of training in other military schools finally discovered that his chances for entering V. M. I. were at least a possibility. His nickname,

Molly, has a very significant meaning, which, no doubt he does not wish disclosed. When he arrived, he had great intentions:—President of his class; First Captain; Jackson Hope; but his dreams were not entirely realized and he still wonders why. His chief occupation is telling jokes or what he thinks are jokes. When he smiles he has a way of closing his eyes that is bewitching to the calics. The slight tinge of gray in his hair has often caused girls to ask him his age, but this he will not tell.

"Say, fellows, I've heard a new one."

Private Co. "A" '05. Priv. Co. "D" '06, '07, '08. Asst. Leader of Final German. Member of B. S.



WILLIAM THOMAS BIEDLER

2802 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

"A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day"

"Bill" "Mail Carrier" "B."

This lad of pleasing countenance left the Monumental City to gain fame in Virginia, and he has succeeded. Scarcely twenty-four hours after his arrival at V. M. I., he was better known than the oldest inhabitant.

He was extremely bashful (?) until his third class year, when he became enamoured of a certain Miss Chuck and made arrangements to elope, but at the last minute she failed him.

This "Baltimore Boy" has a calic on every street in Lexington and they all speak of him as the "Institute Mail Carrier." His chief accomplishments are instructing the faculty and bluffing "Minks" into believing that he can play the guitar. With the power of the press behind him he holds all his enemies at bay.

"Anything doin' on the Keydet?"

Matriculated '04. Corp. Co. "A;" Sergt. Co. "C;" Cadet Quartermaster, Class Secretary, Varsity Football '07, '08 Ed.-in-chief of "Cadet;" Bus. Mgr. of "Cadet;" "Bomb" Staff. Marshal Final Ball and Final German; Class Base Ball.





CLARENCE FERDINAND BLOCH
 Pocahontas, Va.

"He was not merely a chip of the old block,
 but the old block himself."

"Ike," "Oogy Blick," "Steinway."

"Ike" enjoys the distinction of being the only member of our class that hails from a true American town, but he insists that it is modern in every respect, even to having a blacksmith shop and a "department" store. Well trained in his early days, "Oogy" came to V. M. I. via the 3rd class route to show the less fortunate how to defy the demon, Ignorance. Early in his cadetship, developed a great avidity for modern languages and many of the class owe their "dips" to his "jacks" and coaching. Since his arrival, has displayed those qualities which have endeared him to every man in the class and he goes forth as a man that no one can say aught against. Here's to old Oogy's future success.

"When are the B. S's. goin' to meet?"

Matriculated '05; Private Co. "C" '06, '07, '08;
 Marshall Final Ball; Marshall Final German; Cadet
 Dialectic Society; Member B. S.



EDWARD J. BOND.
 Petersburg, Va.

"None but the brave deserves the fair."

Answers to the name of "Vaggie", "Water Duck," "Teddy Bear", "Vagabond", "Hero" or "Peanut Polly". Since his arrival here, has lived on peanuts and hamburgers. Seldom goes to breakfast and prefers a night tour to the harsh notes of "rev". Is very fond of his afternoon "hay" but seldom gets any because of "Lonnie". Has never made his debut in Lexington society, saying that he has never seen a pretty woman and prefers solitude to high life. His early days at V. M. I. were spent in the Guard House or walking tours, was then classed as a model touring car. His other time was consumed taking lessons under Charlie De in the American "game". Spends all his Saturdays at "Squire's", arguing with "Pots," or ragging "Happy". When he wants anything, aids his plea by shaking his right knee. Will take to water when warm weather comes and drown his troubles.

Matriculated '04; Private "D", Co.; Private "A", Co.; Asst. Prop. "Mountain House"; Member T. T. K.; Score-keeper Base ball Team '08. Class Football '05, '06, '07.





RICHARD BROOKE.

"Smooth runs the water, when the brook is deep."

"Mike," "Dick," "Sook,"
"Swellhead."

This youngster, from one of Danville's most popular suburbs, blew into barracks in the fall of '04, and it was three days before the third class discovered him. He soon attracted widespread attention by his politeness in wishing the division inspector a hearty "good night, sir" on his nightly round. Was known to wear creases three days straight when a "corp" was vacant, but decided it was too trying on his nerves. Had "honor thrust upon him" however, and spent his second class year trying to dodge a "Lieu". He succeeded in this at finals, but the Commandant saw his error and reminded it with three stripes in the 'all. "Mike" has lately developed a great fondness for the "Calies". Is hesitating between accepting a position as Principal of the Lexington High School or chief engineer of one of the large railroad systems, but seems to prefer the former.

"Yes, that's my cape; what about it?"

Matriculated '04. Private '05. Corp., Co. "A" '06. Sergeant Co. "B", '07. Second Lieut. Co. "A" '08. Marshall Final Ball; Marshall Final German. Class foot ball team.



STEWART ELLETT BROWN

1111½ Grove Ave., Richmond, Va.

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head must be as low as ours"

"Booze" "Squab", "Saturday Evening Post",
"String", "Buster".

He hails from Richmond, but nevertheless appears as a "brush" in the presence of others. For sometime he has been the tallest man in the corps having the appearance of being stretched out since early childhood. He came to V. M. I. to learn the art of war in order that he may at some future time become an officer in the army. He thinks he is a great "calies" man, because they say he is pretty but not handsome. Once thinking that he would like to play foot ball, he came out for the class team. Why he didn't play is known to all the boys, but they never mention the reason in his presence. The greatest sorrow of his life came when he didn't get a sergeant after having a high ranking (?) Corp.

Matriculated, 1904. Corp. "A" Co., 1905, '06, Marshall Final Ball 1907.





CHARLES S. CARTER

2804 West Ave., Newport News, Virginia.

"Whistling aloud to bear his courage up."

"Dutch," or "Charlie," was the name of a lad who entered V. M. I. in his early youth and amused himself by collecting counter-signs from the "Subs." His greatest ambition is to hook lightning bugs on chairs to make motor cars, and give entertainments for the instruction of Polk Miller in the art of banjo playing.

After three years of good intentions, he has bloomed into a full-fledged "callics-man."

"Dutch" has matured greatly in four years, grown a beard and learned to say "Ding bust" and "Hing it to dinks" and make a zip occasionally. He'll be playing cards and smoking cigarettes next.

"I've got my living made."

Private Co. "C," Third Corp. Co. "B," Third Sergeant Co. "C," Second Lieut. Co. "C" Mandolin Club, Marshall Final German.



MIDDLETON CHAMBERS,
Richmond, Virginia.
"Better late than never."

"Pots", "Sonnix", "Sunny Jim", "Adonis".

The wizzard of the slide rule, erratic genius, politician, magician, musician, philo-opher, pessimist, orator and actor.

The above many titled wonder is to be employed by the Art Students' League next winter to pose as a fishing worm.

"Pots" is long, lanky and fair; slow of foot, as shown by "A" Company's delinquency book, and likes to talk whenever he gets a chance. His favorite occupation is to gather in some innocent second classman and expound to him the logarithmic theory of the slide rule. Loves to serenade his slumbering (?) room-mates on the mandolin, much to their disgust. Has tried to start a sewing circle, but still remains the only member. Has a wonderful gift of oratory and may be seen in 62 at any time loudly discussing Institute politics accompanied by wild gesticulations. No question has ever arisen that this genius has not thoroughly explained to the complete satisfaction of—himself. Has a tendency to get on his dignity when angry, much to the amusement of others.

"Going to breakfast Pots?"—"No"!!

Private "B" Co. ('05); "A" Co. ('06, '07, '08); Bomb Artist; Mandolin Club. Class Ring Committee; Asst. Cheer Leader; "Cadet" Staff.





ROBERT MINOR DASHIELL
Richmond, Va.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues "

"Happy," "Bob," "Robinson,"
"Robbie."

The lad with the smiling countenance, has two great ambitions—to be a good dancer and to write well. Starting off with a wonderful record in tours, confinements, and arrests in his third class year, he has been tamed and civilized after three years of persistent work. Can behave fairly well in company, tho' letting his heart rule his head at the Class Banquet. Among the fair sex he reigns supreme, all calling him "Happy" two minutes after meeting him. One of the sweet voiced singers of 18's quartette. By his gay chuckles and quaint laugh has remained one of 08's mainstays in darkest days.

"We are going to St. Louis, so Joe says".

Matriculated '04. Private Co. "B" '05, '06, '07, '08
Marshall Final Ball, Marshall Final German; Asst.
Editor "Cadet"; Class Football Team.



MARTIN G. DESHAZO
Martinsville, Va.

"Honor pricks me on."

"Pal", "Aristotle", "Kick", "De".

A long lad from "Ole Virginia" and exceedingly proud of the fact. Has all the requirements of a "ladies' man" and can never be found in barracks Saturday nights. He has actually secured five agencies for different firms of Lexington. In the military line, he shines also. Not satisfied with things at home, in the future he intends to take his stand in the far east teaching heathen.

Matriculated, 1905; Fourth Sergeant Co. "D," Marshal Final German; Librarian '07, '08.





ALBERT BEVERLY DEVAULT,
Johnson City, Tenn.

"To make a bank was a great plot of state."

"De", "Charlie", "Mountain Dew", "Old Horse" "Albert Beverly" will answer readily and promptly to all of them. Is a product of the wild and woolly mountains of Tennessee. Is a charter member of the M. C. Club and is very faithful in his attendance, falls out from dinner Saturday to be the first member to arrive at its meetings. Has also made a very profound and deep study of crustaceans and is becoming very proficient in his knowledge. Has been the president of several successful (?) banks.

Loves to stand around the counter of other banks and shout "Don't whipsaw me now," or "keep off snake-eyes". Is a perfect Santa Claus for all of the calves that he knows, and as a result receives many letters Christmas but never at any other time. Has never seen a woman that he couldn't make marry him if he wanted to. But he never wants to. Even tells us that his parrot is so struck on him that she will have nothing to do with anybody else.

Matriculated, 1904; Private "D" Company, rat year; Private "D" Company; Pitcher base ball team '05, '06, '07 and '08. Captain Baseball team '07 and '08. Member Honor Committee; Valedictorian; T. T. K. "Cadet" Staff.



ALLAN EDLOE DONNAN
Richmond, Va.

"I am not in the roll of common men"

"Pin", "Ed", "Pinhead". This charming product of Virginia's Capitol came to V. M. I. with the full intention of making a name for himself. That he has succeeded it is needless to say. As a breaker of hearts he has no equal. The girls all speak of him as "That fascinating Mr. Donnán who swings his arm so gracefully at parade." Though once told by a fortune teller that he had a duo-personality, his friends insist on a mistake, as two faces could not be hung on his pinshaped cranium; is very *blase* when it comes to hops and calves, and never blushes; stands in with the old folks. Because of his excellence in pronunciation, he is used as a dictionary by his friends. Has high hopes of sometime becoming a speed counter at the General Electric Company. Author and practical demonstrator of "How to care for the indisposed", written in 9-B, the night after the T. T. K. celebration.

Matriculated, 1904. First Corp. Co. "A"; Sgt. Major; Cadet Adjutant; Manager Football team, '07. Base ball team, '07, '08; Marshall Final Ball; Leader Final German; Athletic Editor "Bomb". Mgr. Gym. team.





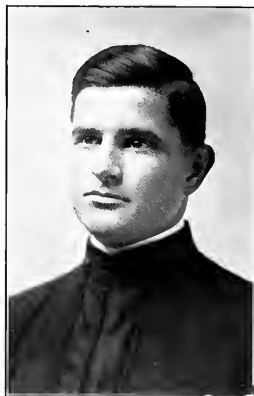
JOHN E. DOYLE
Norfolk Va.

"Disciplined inaction."

"Ponny," "John," "Frog."

This amphibian creature, with the roll of the sea still in his legs, flopped into the Institute nearly exhausted in the fall of 1904. Settled into the most comfortable position, on a cot, and has never stirred since except at mess calls, chemistry sections, and baseball and football practice. After four years resting, he still maintains his pristine weariness. Has reduced the uniform to its simplest form; may be seen wending his way to town, clad in a sweater, pair of trousers and cape. This gentleman is "the" Doyle of football and baseball fame. "Calics" all want him pointed out to them and are wont to exclaim, "Is that Mr. Doyle whom the newspapers talk so much of as V. M. I.'s 'snappy little quarter'?" "Why he must be hurt, he moves so slowly." Has of late entered the game with Cupid for all it's worth and has hopes of some day marrying into the hardware business. However, John has his redeeming features, and has starred consistently in football and baseball for three years.

Matriculated, 1904; Corporal Co. "B;" Private Co. "B;" Color Guard, '08; Marshall Final Ball and Final German; Member T. T. K.; Football Team, '05, '06, '07; Baseball Team, '06, '07, '08.



IRVING L. DREWRY
Capron, Virginia.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"Drew," "Towhead," Drew hails from that part of Virginia brush where peanut raising is the sole industry. On this food he was raised and even now thinks nothing of devouring a few bushels. An ardent pupil of "Old Rat," Drew expects to be a pill slinger, and his highest ambition is to serve Uncle Sam in this capacity. He is now making a specialty of looking for steel ores. He accomplishes locomotion by a peculiar twisting strut, impossible to ordinary humans. Drew labors under the delusion that he has Caruso beat a mile and nightly entertains (?) the neighbors by drowning the harsh notes of Taps with the sweet (?) strains of, "In my Castle on the River Nile." When reciting, he modulates his voice to an attempted basso—Why, no one knows. Drew has been running ever since the day before he got here, but expects to stop after Finals.

Is Drew a calic's man? We can only say that on the calic paper used by him during his stay at V. M. I. could be written a complete history of the world.

Matriculated, 1904. Member Cadet Dialectic Literary Society. Private Co. "C," '05, '06, '07, '08.





R. B. DUNBAR
Augusta, Kentucky.

"Who drives fat oxen should be fat himself."

"Fats," "Bedelia," "Balloon," "Pine Box," "Polly." Some say he is from Kentucky, but to hear him talk you would think he is from every-

where. Those who believe what he says are lacking in knowledge of the kind of man he is. According to his own testimony, he has spent six summers in his native town and more than twenty at different resorts of this and other countries, although only twenty-two.

He expects to take a Lexington "Calie" home as his bride to the disappointment of many of the fair sex. He came to V. M. I. in order that he might wear a monogram. Due to his enormous weight, he accomplished his purpose. He has been unable to find scales that would give his correct weight. Once while at parade, he fell, and being unable to recover himself, the battalion was obliged to march around the unsurmountable obstacle.

Matriculated, 1903. Private Co. "A." Foot ball squad, 1904, 1905; substitute guard, 1906. Varsity guard, 1907.



LAWRENCE HUNTOON EARLE,
Montclair, New Jersey.

"And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

"Larry," "Spade," "Monk," "Dago," "Nig," "Yank." A dub from "Joisey" with an east side accent. When he first put in his appearance wore black spats and web feet, a marvel to the rural population. Was once accused of the theft of great half step-aunt General Barnes' coat of arms, and embodied the history of the race in a family tree, a twig of which bears the name of "Cousin Two." This famous work is known as the "House of Barnes." Will probably end up acting monk for a dago, for which office he shows great aptitude. Received first stand in the art of cussing when taken with the mumps the day before the Final Ball. Made quite a reputation as a lawyer in the famous case of Ragland vs. 75.

"Beat ut;" "Chuck ut;" "Cut ut;" "Cheese ut."

Private, "A" Co. ('05); Second Corporal "B" Co. ('06); Third Sergeant "D" Co. ('07); First Lieutenant "C" Co. ('08); President Final Ball. Art Editor Bomb. Class Ring Committee.





ROBERT O. EDWARDS
Norfolk, Virginia.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
"R. O." "Sweet Pickles." "Curly,"
"Sour," "Sallie". Where he came from,
we do not know, but we feel that the life
here has done him good. Has traveled a
good deal and says that any old place
he can hang his hat is "Home, Sweet
Home." He has a pet curl which he has
trained to do any thing but lie down, and
he offers a big sum to any one who can per-
form the feat. His relations with the fair
sex are extensive, but he seldom gets more
than seven or eight letters at one time.
Can do anything but skate on rollers, and is
now contemplating adding that to his ac-
complishments. One of his chief aims in
life is to find out why the profs. always
hand him such "raw deals." Says he de-
serves a max. and gets only 0.8.

"I surely got rolled to-day."

Matriculated, '04 Private Co. "A."
Corp. Co. "A." Sergeant Co. "B." Lieut-
enant Co. "B." Marshal, Final German,
Editor-in-chief of Y. M. C. A. Handbook,
'07. Ad. Editor of Bomb. Banquet Com-
mittee. Marshal Final German; Member
B. S.



J. G. ENGLEMAN
Lexington, Virginia.

"Over the hills and far away."

"The Brush." "Bresh," "Odor," or any name
of similar meaning. Gaze at him, ladies. He is a
heart breaker. But before your ambitions rise, I
will tell you that he has been engaged by a Virginia
college as an associate professor in order that their
young ladies will devote more time to their studies
and less to letter writing. This was done by the re-
quest of the Post Office Department in order that
their "postage due" stampers would have time for
their meals.

He hails from the grand o-l-d county of Rock-
bridge. He has done one good deed for his native
district by exterminating the Fillelu birds, and we
hope that in after life he will never be in a humor to
hunt them again, as when he is in this mood he can
not enjoy his waffles.

"Bresh" is an all round and good natured fellow,
being noted for his promptness to formations and to
his obligations. Was once heard to say, "By Gosh!
I never paid \$8.00 for one watermelon until I came
to Lexington"—for an insight into city life.

His object in life is to revolutionize the electrical
world and to teach reform methods at the Institute.

Matriculated, 1904. Private Co. "B." Private
Co. "C." Member B. S. Class Football Team.





WILLIAM WARREN FERREL
Danville, Virginia.

"This bold, bad man."

"Flying Tackle," "Trixter," "Connection," "Valedick," "Second Lieut." Although of small stature, considers himself large enough to bear the brunt of this Institution on his shoulders. He finds plenty of time, however, to rag "Sweet-Pickle" about his curls. Connection is a great calie's man and has all the girls in town in love with him. At one time contemplated starting a kindergarten in Koonoke, but instead has decided to go into the shoe shining business with "Bill." He expects tho, to rise to the head manager of the Ferrel Furniture Co. be ore long Connection's hopes have been somewhat blighted in the running line, as he has been up for everything from room orderly to sub-professor.

Matriculated, '04. Private Co. "B" '05, '06, '07, '08. Honor Color-guard. Marshal Final Ball. Marshal Final German. Manager of Scrubs. Class Football Team, '07. Member of B. S.



FRANK A. FICKES
Carnegie, Pennsylvania.

"I would fain die a dry death"

"Fick," "Pale Face," "Frank," "Shot." Emerged from the smoke of Carnegie in the autumn of 1904, to find himself imprisoned in the walls of V. M. I.

He was in his "rat" days quite an acrobat. Once performed a hand spring over the table to find himself standing on his head in the water bucket. With this performance and many more unfortunate cases, he decided that he was not an athlete.

His love affairs are numerous and quite complicated, but the majority of his letters are stamped: J. Sussman Photo Stock Co.

The height of his ambition is to take first stand in the chemistry department, composed of five men, some of which are candidates for the Jackson Hope Medals.

His chief expression: "D—n it, I ought to have got a 'max."

President of the A. D. S. Club. Captain of the Class Football Team, '05; Class Team '06, '07. Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German. Honorary Member, B. S. Bomb Artist.





JOHN MILLER FRAY
Culpeper, Virginia.

"The foremost man of all this world."

"Mam," "Brush," "Ring Tum Phi," "Maw."

This indefinable monstrosity strutted into V. M. I. in the fall of 1904, and was immediately known as "Mr. Tate's rat, Sir." Maw wonders why she is not considered the best looking man in '08. No inducements can persuade her to wear any but "tread minnow" trousers. Mam's chief abomination is a "Rat," but she is never so happy as when surrounded by loving third classmen. She can frequently be seen in company with "Percy" on the stoops with a hatchet looking for "banks." One of '08's strongest calic's men, but can make more breaks to the minute when conversing with the fair sex than an ordinary man could make statements.

Matriculated, 1904; Corp., Co. "C;" First Sergeant Co. "A;" First Captain Co. "A;" President, Y. M. C. A.; Football team, '05, '06, '07, Associate Editor "Cadet;" Asst. Business Manager "Bomb;" President Cadet Dialectic Society.



ALONZO H. GENTRY
Independence, Mo.

"A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage"

"Countess," "Lottie," "Black Princess," He came from Missouri to proclaim the fact that Independence was once a Garden of Eden. During his rat year astonished all by smoking fifty cent cigars (?) which he claims were a special gift of President Diaz of Mexico. Has been "running" ever since, and states he would have been captain but for a few of the fair sex in Lexington who caused him to run the block in quest of their smiles. Once made an heroic attempt to put out the gym fire. Has a vivid imagination, coupled with the tongue of a woman. Claims he is endowed by Powers above: Art, Sculpture, Music, Science, all tremble beneath his mystic touch. Is fond of telling twice told tales to the discomfiture of all. Once had his class believing he was a "rounder," but failed at a monthly session of the T. T. K. He is loved by all the "Boys," and, as a parting shot, Beware!

"When I was in Mexico, etc."

Matriculated, '04; Private Co. "B;" Corp. Co. "C;" Sergeant Co. "A;" Lieutenant Co. "A;" Member T. T. K. Marshal Final Ball and Final German; Athletic Editor "Cadet."





PERCY STUART GRANT
Richmond, Virginia.

"Let the world slide."

"Puss." Puss is the local agent for Pompeian Massage Cream, Herpicide, Sanitol, and all such beautifiers. Sufficient testimony of the worth of the above named articles is found in Grant's smooth complexion and soft wavy hair. He won his laurels in the foot ball game last fall between '08 and '10, when together with "Funk" Engleman as an associate tackle, they lead their team to victory. Although somewhat unsuccessful, Puss has tried hard to reorganize the old Francois Club of '06. One of the creators of the famous character, John Buena Corn. Puss has not decided what he will do but from ideas expressed, he will probably use his abilities in the advance of woman suffrage.

Matriculated, 1904; Private Co. "C" '05; Corp. July and August; Private Co. "C" '06, '07, '08; Class Football and Baseball Teams, '06, '07, '08; Marshal Final German; Member T. T. K.



EDWARD HARRISON HANCOCK
Appomattox, Virginia.

"Whose talk is all of bullocks."

"Puss," "Dago," "Bull," "Pete." He was roped and tied after running wild for many years and brought to V. M. I. in order that he might receive a much needed education. He claims to be a married man, but his wife has never been seen nor never will be, we fear. He is too ferocious looking to ever win a heart and his own is too hard to be ever pierced by Cupid's arrows. After four years here he occupies his entire time brushing his hair and polishing his shoes, endeavoring to blot out his past neglect. Having been "puffed up" once or twice in the papers after football games, he thinks he has a right of way through the earth. His past life is now forgotten by his "Alma Mater" and she presents him to the world as one of her best (?) sons.

Matriculated '04. Private Co. "A" ('05); Fourth Corp. Co. "C" ('06); Third Serg't Co. "A" ('07); First Lieutenant Co. "B" ('08); Treasurer, Literary Society; Foot ball team, '05-'06, '06-'07, '07-'08.





JOHN PERCIVAL HEWSON
Orange, Texas.

"He was perfumed like a milliner."

"Percy," "Percival du Poyster," "Mutt." Percy was captured along the banks of the Sabine River and arrived at Lexington in a cattle car in a half civilized condition. He is often seen strolling in E. Lexington due to its remarkable resemblance to Orange. But now Percy has tamed down until he has become an expert nurse in caring for the younger ones. Percy is one of "Mam's" followers, and if he fails along missionary lines will probably become a druggist. He is frequently heard to utter "Fudge" and "Dog Gone." He has probably sinashed more hearts in Lexington than any other member of '08. Very active and often stumbles over a match. He is very fond of the Mess-Hall and has never been known to fall out and miss a meal.

Matriculated '04. Private Co. "A." Corp. Co. "A." Class Football '09; Capt. Second Team '07; Marshal Final Ball and Final German.



J. TERRY HIRST
Purcellville, Virginia.

"A man that blushes is not quite a brute."

"Wee-Wee," "Cotton-top," "Terry." A typical blonde, hailing from the garden spot of Virginia. Although raised on the farm is now an important factor in social circle at V. M. I., due no doubt to steps taken along that line by Room 78. He is a great gymnast and devotes most of his time to that branch of science and to rushing the buds of Lexington. "Wee-Wee" never blushes, just turns crimson, aided no doubt by the rabbit like expression he wears when approached by one of the fair sex. His greatest ambition is to make a contour map of Southern Africa and assist in the construction of the Canal. When asked where he is from he always replies "near Washington." Terry constantly boasts of being a private, but we hardly believe that is possible.

"Reported absent from B. P. Sir."

Class foot ball '08. Marshal Final German. Gym. Team '07, '08. Captain Track Team '08.





BISCO R. HOWELL
Tarboro, N. C.

"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

"Doc," "Bisco," "Biscuit," "S-t-o-p." Hails from the Tarboro, on Tar river and, landed in the arch with tar on his heels. After great effort on the part of his room-mates has become semi-civilized, but has not lost his affinity for rattles and play-things. Spends most of his time roosting on the table and can only be induced from his perch by "Vag-gy" and a big stick. Still retains his savage instincts, and has been seen skulking along the shadow side of the parapet or nimbly scaling the straps to 52. Has resigned his membership in the Francois Club on account of bad service. Has an insane idea that in a few years he will make the chemical trust look like thirty cents. Chief offence while a "Key-det," abuse of hop permit.

Matriculated, 1905. Company "B." '05 Company "B;" Ex-president Francois Club; Member T. T. K.



CHARLES EVANT HUNTER
Appomattox, Virginia.

"The very pink of perfection."



"Red," "Spot," "Sis' boy," "Rose." The President of the Red Headed League or more generally known as "The Appomattox Wonder." He distinguished himself on the class foot ball team as a tackle. He made a touch down and when the boys said, "Good work, Red," he said, "Why! what did I do?" He can prevaricate more with a straight face than any man in barracks. Oh, no; he is not conceded; ask "Big Rich." His greatest ambition is to be a political leader. He can discuss on any subject under the sun, provided any argument can be raised. Shines at the hops, and has lately made his *debut* in Lexington Society. When not visible his presence is always known by a hearty laugh. Is very envious of Booze Brown's good looks. His conclusion is that he can prove to the Westinghouse people that lines of force can be cut backwards.

Matriculated, 1904. Private Co. "A," ('05, '06, '07, '08); Class Football Team ('06, '07, '08).



J. P. JARVIS
Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

"A college joke to cure the dumps"

"Hippo," "Hip," "The Elephant." Discovered in the cane brakes of Arkansas by Maj. Watts and exhibited by him at the Institute. Aspires to be a calic's man, but as his idea of a "keen calic" is one that weighs at least two hundred and fifty pounds, he has

not yet found the lady of his dreams. Once had a hairbreath escape in bringing a dozen eggs from the Francois Club house and in the excitement smashed eleven of them in the front of his blouse. His principal food is grits; says that it helps his beard. Once tried to boom Allan's Foot Ease in barracks. A firm believer in Grecian Mythology; pays homage mostly to the shrine of Venus. Is a civil engineer in embryo and expects to do great work dredging the Arkansas river in the near future.

Co. "D" '05; Corp. Co. "B," '06; Private Co. "B," '07; Private Co. "B," '08. Member Class Football Team; Military Secretary. Chairman Ring Committee, Member Bomb staff. Member B. S.



CONRAD JOHNSON
Alexandria, Virginia.

"I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways."

"Cornbread," "Connie," "Captain," "Jo-Jo." A typical specimen of the "Rah-rah" boy. Resembles the hot air furnace in action. A living example of the flying machine in which Walter Wellman intends to seek the pole. His speech before the Board of Visitors when he explained how the inoffensive rodent was kicked down three flights of steps, is a rival of Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death." The owner of two pair of trousers, one of which he wears, the other he keeps hanging on the door. He enjoys the unique distinction of being the only man in the class without an appendix. Used to carry on a profitable business with the Mess Hall negroes when a third classman. Chewed gum in Col. Ford's section room two years ago and has never chewed gum since. A human weather prophet. After graduation will probably offer the Government Weather Bureau his corns.

"Got dem lights, Quack?" "Report Mr. Johnson for swearing."

Private "D" Co. ('05, '06, '07, '08) Assistant Leader of the Final Ball. Cheer leader '07, '08. Capt. Class Football team '07, '08. Vice-President of Class.





HARRY T. JONES

108 W. Bute St., Norfolk, Virginia.

"Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home."

"Goo," "Harry," "Tasty," "Whiskers." A young man of winning ways and pleasant smiles, the latter being capable of detection only a few minutes after each shave. Came to V. M. I. for the purpose of cultivating his musical talents, and for a long time his practice consisted of a song called "Marguerite." He has left that, though, and is now wrapped up in literature, his chief study being "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." He is a rage with the catics and is known for his ability to capture other fellows' girls. He has been

so affected by some young lady that he says he can neither eat, sleep nor study. Will some one please advise a cure?

"Say, did I get a letter?"

Matriculated, '04. Private Co. "D;" Corp. Co. "D;" Sergeant Co. "B;" Lieutenant Co. "D;" Vice-president Final Ball; Bomb Staff; Marshal Final German.



ARTHUR PARKER LEWIS

Cohasset, Mass.

"A man may write at any time, if he set himself doggedly to it."

"Ape," "Art," "Baron." Discovered among the mosses of "the stern and rock bound coast" in 1904, "Ape" has done much since to prove that he is not Darwin's missing link, but without avail. But his efforts along this line have made him a model cadet in every respect. With an instinct for *res militaris* inherited from some hairy cocoanut artillerist, he has forced himself to the fore front of '08's strategists and holds undisputed sway. His interpretations of I. D. R., U. S. A., would fill several volumes, and his rendition of guard duty is beyond the scope of the Guard Manual. He is every inch a soldier from the top of his head to the ends of his knees. (Alas, that it should end there.) Has left his heart in far off Yankeeland and recently applied to the P. O. Department for special rates on his mail matter. Has filled position of *valet-de-chambre* to "Gimmie" for last four years and goes forth with the best of recommendations. After his training as one of Col. Mallory's *chaffeurs* thinks he is qualified to make Edison and Kelvin look like a couple of four-flushers; so we may yet hear of him knighted for scientific discovery in connection with the "juice."

Matriculated, 1904; Private Co. "B;" First Corp. Co. "B;" Second Sergeant Co. "C;" First Lieutenant Co. "D;" Class Historian; Editor-in-chief Bomb; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Member B. S.





J. FIELDING MCCURDY
Marshall, Missouri.

"The lion is not so fierce as they paint him."

"Mac," "Cu-r-r-dy," "Irish," "Honk." This bright, winsome lad penetrated into our midst through the entanglement of shattered mirrors and broken broomsticks. Hails from the State which supports the typical motto, "You will have to show me," and regularly in heated discussions in C.O.B. Mac's voice, clear and ringing, demands proof of every statement. Being called upon to "sound off" when a rat, imagined he was an auto and cleared the way to the sound of his familiar "Honk, Honk." Has often wondered what became of his blouse, which disappeared in the cemetery during a bit of excitement. He never believed in ghosts until that night. Expects soon to migrate further west, where he can commune with nature to his heart's content, with no disturbing element called Reveille.

"Hello, Funk."

Matriculated '05; Private Co., "C" '06, '07, '08;
Class Foot Ball; Marshal Final German



JOHN FRANCIS MALONE, JR.
160 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell on a little western flower."

"Mick," "Mickey," "Big Mick," "Siamese." "Mick" hails from a hamlet somewhere in northern New York on which the sun never sets. Came South four years ago to get rid of a strong German accent, and has met with more or less success, altho' occasionally an "Ach Kummelweck!" escapes him. Since arrival has been the *bona fide* ideal of a "calicoist" and makes a new impression at every hop, due no doubt to his being a strong "French" conversationalist. Has been running ever since Third Class year and never gets "boned" except for not reporting departure for bath house. Spends two hours daily in entertaining (?) 32 and 62 with vocal solos, which he renders with the strength and tone of a combination foghorn and siren. In the world of letters has beaten Hawthorne to a finish in "Twice Told Tales;" and thinks he should have a bust in the library as the "most perfect" cadet. But after all, "Mickey" is a good sort, when asleep which is nearly always, except when working on his complexion or expounding the greatness of Buffalo. Aspires to be a raft builder, but will probably be the matrimonial agent to Lynchburg and vicinity.

"Let's go to the hay." "Say, wasn't Miss—etc."

Matriculated, 1904; Private Co., "C"; Fifth Corp. Co., "D"; Private Co., "C" '07, '08; Class Baseball Team; Bomb Staff; Marshal Final Ball, Marshal Final German; Member B. S.





ROBERT W. MASSIE
Lynchburg, Virginia.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
"Bob," "Bullock." The original "calic's" man from a town noted for its "calic." Came to V. M. I. to play football and incidentally to see how many things he could get behind him. Is to be seen at every hop with his winning smile and graceful shrug of the shoulder. A model of politeness, he never addresses a young lady except as "Madam" or "Mam." The girls all remark of the striking resemblance between him and "Maw" Fray. A thorough master of English language, he even goes so far as to recognize his "calic's" handwriting on a telegram. Takes "Cary" as his ideal and emulates him successfully on O. D. Knows more about Spanish than "Pole" himself, and has been heard to remark that with his

Spanish accent and a "monoker" and "shagger stick" he will astound the Burgh this summer. In his love, as in other things, he thinks the football variety the best. Is considering offers from girls' schools as basketball coach.

Matriculated, 1904. First Corp. Co. "A;" First Sergeant Co. "D;" Capt. Co. "D;" President '08; Football Team '04, '05, '06, '07; Capt. '07; All Southern H. B. '07; Baseball Team '07; '08; Toast-master Class Banquet. Holder of Williamson Graham Cup '07.



J. HOPE PECK
Hampton, Virginia.

"Infinite riches in a little room."

"Jess," "Hope," "J. Hope," "Jackson Hope," "Peck-Peck," "Chesapeake."

Behold the "General" from "Crab Town."

"Jess" hails from that part of the "Old Dominion" in which corn grows to an astonishing height and bumble bees are of an enormous size. Entered V. M. I. in the fall of 1905, and ever since has been vigorously pursuing that "root of all evil," knowledge. Is an ardent admirer of "Tommy." Hasn't yet decided whether he will go to Panama next year and show Uncle Sam how his canal should be built, or come back to V. M. I. and help "find" the men in the Civil course. Favorite expression is "Smart boy, this," after having explained the mysteries of the Baltimore Bridge Truss to some of the other bulky engineers. Was once known to fall asleep in church during services and dreamed he was a member of the Lexington fire department. Has lately developed into one "of the boys," but during the recent panic was forced to the wall in 61, and has not yet fully recuperated. Has also recently shown marked abilities as a gymnast, and expects some day to gain world-wide reputation as a pugilist.

Matriculated in 1905. Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Member Literary Society.





RANDOLPH TUCKER PENDLETON
Lexington, Virginia.

"Every man is the son of his own works."

"Tuck," "Dub," "Runt," "Flop-ear," "Maud," Another member of the Rockbridge Brush Association. He and "Rockbridge" will some day, we hope, represent this district in Congress. When a rat had to say continually "Pendleton, not Pennington, sir." Whether this mistake was caused by his looks or not, we are not at liberty to say. His side wheelers are as large as any steamboats' and are always carried at a full cock. Has a keen ear for music. Plays the mandolin frequently, he himself being the only one who knows what he is playing. Accompanies himself with wonderful mouth contortions. Was told when a rat to tie his ears down before retiring to keep them from flapping his brains out.

"Just 'cause I run, I aint skeered".

Private "B" Co, G '06, '07, '08; Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Class Football Team.



J. O. PIERCE
St. Johns, Mich.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

"Quack!" "Quack!" "The Duck," "The Michiganander." The "Duck" was lost from his flock in a fog as they were passing over the Shenandoah Valley going to their winter feeding grounds in Michigan from the rice fields of the South. This stray "Duck" finally circled down around the Mess Hall, where he has been ever since. Nothing but a "box" can persuade him to "fall out" at meal formations. "Quack" has become domesticated on some few subjects. But as to "calics," they say that he is still wild, as he will not touch their hands to receive his food, not even when it is protected by a fur muff. But we give him up, with full confidence of him coming across in time, as we hear from good authority that a member of Michigan's fair sex is coaching him with encouraging results. Just the same, "Duck" is a good fellow, although he often forces the occupants up and down the east wing tower to leave their rooms, by his sweet voice and eloquent flow of language on anti-Christian subjects, especially when "The Brush" tickles him with one of his own quills.

Matriculated, 1904. Corp. Co. "D;" Second Sergeant Co. "D;" Capt. Co. "B;" Member B. S. Business Manager of the Bomb.





EARL RANKIN.
Goshen, N. Y.

"Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps."

"Skin," "Mocking Bird." As the wind couldn't blow him, he came here on a train, arriving about the time the birds sing sweetly and was, for a while, taken for one of them. Since his legs so resembled those of a mocking bird, his singing must also, and he has won the heart of many a calic by his warbling. Has a way of getting "meal tickets" in Lexington, and is a favorite among all musical clubs. He has aspirations along scientific lines which lean towards the art of making love, and with his knowledge of bill posting has helped the basketball team of the Southern Seminary become widely known.

Matriculated '03. Private Co. "A" ('04, '05); Corp. Co. "B" '06; Sergeant Co. "B;" Private Co. "D" ('07, '08); Marshal Final Ball ('06, '07). Final German '07, '08; Asst. Editor of "Cadet".



HERMAN C. SCHMIDT
Richmond, Virginia.

"I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword."

"Hermi," "Schlitz," "Dutch." Came to the Institute to learn electricity and is succeeding very well, as he expects to introduce to the world in the near future the greatest invention known, an electric brake that will stop an engine going at full speed, in the distance of six feet. Dutch is the only man in the class who can withstand the charms of the fair sex. This is accounted for by him leaving his heart in Richmond on entering the third class and not being able to find it on his return. We do not know what Schlitz intends doing next year, but as he has studied the key board of the typewriter harder than any other subject, we think he will settle down as a stenographer.

Matriculated in 1904. Marshal Final Ball; Marshal Final German; Committeeman Class Banquet; Secretary to Commandant; Member of First Class P. P. A.





OTTO EMIL SCHULTZ
Seguin, Texas.

"A kind of excellent dumb discourse."

"Otto," "The ill-fated," "Schultz," "Otto von Bloomingburg." This extravagant specimen of the Teutonic tribe came from the plains of Texas in the latter part of 1905, a true Dutchman who loves his "beer und pretzels." He has a remarkable flow of speech when he gets excited, and the services of an interpreter are often necessary to translate his Dutch-Sanskrit. He blossomed into quite a calic man during his last year here, and wishes every one to know that "he ain't no dub" even if he does get sick on candy sent by his calic. He aspires to be one of Uncle Sam's "dough-boys," and in preparation drilled the old Guard one morning. They were dumb, though, so Otto has gone to the "Point" to learn the art more thoroughly.

Matriculated, 1905. Private Co. "A" '05, '06, '07, '08. Member B. S. Y. M. C. A. Delegate.



JOHN T. SCOTT
Lynchburg, Virginia.

"But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run."

Known as "Hocum," "Big Chief," or "Injum," but who, in strict confidence, says, "At home they call me 'Donnie.'" This wild red man appeared from the "Forest" primeval near Lynchburg four years ago, and is now covered with a veneer of civilization through which his savage instincts crop out occasionally in the form of barbarian dances and customs. When a rat, thought seriously of going in the manufacturing business, specializing in canoes and canal boats, with numerous side lines, but soon gave up such ambitions. "Only smokes occasionally and then a pipe." His highest ambition is to have a drag with Tommy. Is often seen coming round the end of the company after "Fall in" clad in a double jointed stride and a stern expression. Once tried to become a calic man by a correspondence course, but plucked a lemon. But in spite of all, is a pretty good old chap.

Favorite expression: "D—n it! I got rolled at the board again this morning."

Class Football '06, '07; Scrubs, '07; B. S. Final German Marshal; Private "D" Co. '05, '06, '07, '08.





ROBERT L. SMITH
Marshall, Missouri.

"Socrates..... wisest of men."

"Smuth," "Gu," "R. L." This bright lad hails from the plains of Missouri. He firmly believes that a revolution, in the past few years, swept civilization across the Alleghanies from the east to the middle west and planted it in the garden spot of the earth, Missouri. If you think he believes in the ladies, ask him if a certain young Miss of Roanoke is alive. However, Seminaries are too slow for him; or at least the results are, afterwards, too slow in wearing off. He is an enthusiast over English breakfast foods, and makes his principal diet on "H—O". This marvel will accomplish wonders in the ministry if he escapes the clutches of the law.

Matriculated, 1905. Private Co. "C" '06, '07, '08. Class Baseball '07, '08. Class Football '08. Marshal Final Ball and Final German.



EDWARD H. TALIAFERRO
Bunkie, La.

"He hath eaten me out of house and home."

"Kid," "Ezra Hank," "Gimme," "Yummy." This extraordinary example of prehistoric man climbed up from Bunkie at an early age and came to V. M. I., mistaking it for the St. Charles Hotel. During the trip here, he got cinders in his eyes and now all the calics want to know "why that cute Mr. Taliaferro winks at us so much." As a third class-man was a shining light in athletics, and is now our reliable pitcher. Was once known to get angry because some rats brought him biscuits on a bayonet. He has a picturesque Grecian profile and a girl was once heard to inquire if they called him "Gimmie" because he has a gimlet nose. At a dinner party, he caused a panic, making the guests believe they were in danger of a second Flood. He is a good fellow tho' and will often shout to a package of gum and a box of ju-jubes. His ambition is to pitch on the Bunkie team.

"Gimme, little tobacco".

Matriculated, 1904. Private Co. "B" '05. Co. "A" '05, '06, '07, '08. Class Baseball, '06, '07, '08. Member B. S. Marshal Final German and Final Ball. Member Class Football Team, '07.



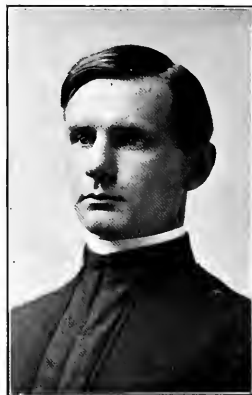


GEORGE BANKS WARD
Ft. Riley, Kan.

"Thou wast my guide, philosopher and friend."

"Corp.," "Tate," "Teddy." After four years of careful training this young man has succeeded in becoming the McGraw of V. M. I. His schedule brought in two of the newest colleges, one at Clemson, Virginia, and the other at Dartmouth, Pa. One of the great unanswered questions of barracks is, "Why is 'Corp' so quiet?" This question is easily solved when we know that his first mistake was in asking "Bessie" McKusick for a lemon. He does sally forth like a "Tagger" into the hearts of Lexington and since his initial visit "Corp" has been in great demand. When a third classman was regular in posting sentinels. But even if he is captain of "C" Co., he can't be "blowed" up.

Matriculated '04. Private Co. "A" ('05, '06); Corp. ('06); First Sergeant Co. "C" ('07); Capt. Co. "C" ('08); Football Team ('07, '08); Manager '08 Baseball Team; Marshal Final German ('08).



GEORGE BARKSDALE WICKHAM
Wickham, Virginia.

"Company, villianous company, hath been the spoil of me."

"Milord;" "Slip;" "Gawdgie;" "Shorty;" "Slip," comes from the region of asheakes and cantelopes. Often relates numerous adventures with "Moonshiners" around the courthouse. Has never displayed energy save in his tramps from "D" to "A" Company. He was so "slippery" that he "slid" the length of the battalion and now holds an honored position just outside his window. "Shorty" has never gotten any but the "bullest" deal since he ambled into V. M. I. Has always taken a fatherly interest in the "rats," but frequently after being "boned" in his attempts to uphold the welfare of the Institute, loses patience and declares "Watch me; I ain't going to do good no more."

The calves all long for his company, but with the calmest indifference he hands the "bitter fruit" to one after another.

Matriculated, 1904. Co. "D" '05; Co. "D" '06; Co. "D" '07; Co. "A" '08; Member T. T. K.; Class Football Team '05; Scrub Football Team '06; Football Team '08; Class Baseball Team,





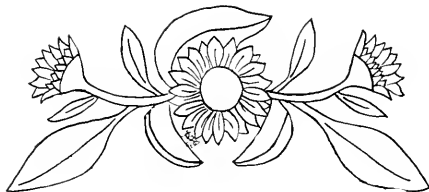
WALTER McILHANEY WOLFE
Chatham, N. J.

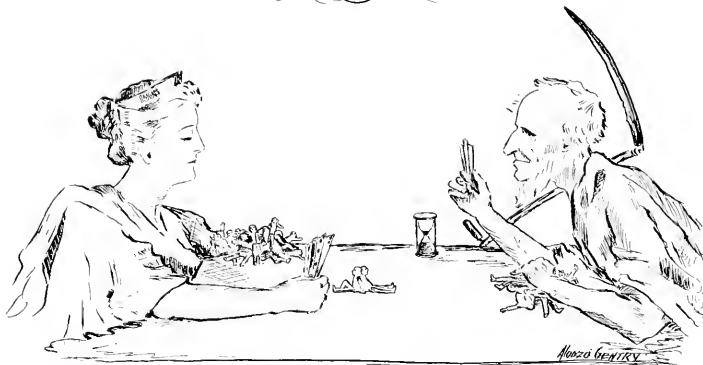
"What doth gravity out of bed at midnight."

"Russian," "Mac," "Russo,"
Here we have Nippon's worst enemy. As his nickname shows, would rather die fighting than roughing Micky. He began when a third classman trying to show the "gim" that he was running the sick list, and carried it into the next year by attempting to capture and scalp a sub, in a daring midnight assault. This Declaration of Independence personified delights in strutting around and arguing on the primeval method of marking recitations. As a rat, stoutly maintains that he was rolled on the paper question. When excited has an explosion of speech like a phonograph with a broken spring. In later life, aspires to be mule driver in the artillery or coal passer on the C. & O.

"You're very truly right!!"

Matriculated '04. Class Football Team; Member B. S.; Final Ball Committee '07; Marshal Final German; Dialectic Society; Private Co. "D" '05, '06, '07, '08.





EX-CLASSMATES

ABOVE, JAMES H., Calvert, Tex.
"None but himself can be his parallel."

AIKEN Danville, Va.
"It takes all sorts to make a world."

ASTIN, ROGER Q., Bryan, Tex.
"R. Q." "1st Corp."
"Man proposes, but God disposes."

BADER, RALPH H., McGaheysville, Va.
"Moll"
"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

BAGLEY, ISHAM T., Blackstone, Va.
"Fats"
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

BAILEY, WELDON M., Gainesville, Tex.
"Bill" "Senator"
"In rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire."

BAIRD, DuBOIS, Wheeling, W. Va.
"Bedelia"
"A little, round, fat, oily man of God."

BALDWIN, JACK H., New Orleans, La.
"Baldy"

"He has paid dear, very dear for his whistle."

BANNER, P. CURTIS, Stickleryville, Va.
"Old Stars end Stripes."
"Just a field of new mown hay."

BARNES, OLIN B., Snow Hill, Md.
"Lucky Luce," "Ice Tongs,"
"Barney Oldfield."
"God helps them that help themselves."

BREVARD, R. J., Charlotte, N. C.
"Exceptions prove the rule".

BRIDGES, JOHN, Bridges, Va.
"Johnny"
"Plow deep while sluggards sleep."

BRITTON, LOUIS N., Vicksburg, Miss.
"Jimmy Britt" "Legs"
"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."



- BROWN, JOHN S., Calvert, Tex.
"Sour-belly" "Big Dick"
"Looked unuttered things."
- BYRD, C. Q., Williamsville, Va.
"And he said, This were a man."
- BYRD, RICHARD E., Winchester, Va.
"Dicky"
"He wears the rose of youth upon him,"
- CAMPBELL, MONCURE, Amherst, Va.
"We grant, altho' he had much wit, he
was very shy of using it."
- CASKIE, HAMILTON B.,
Bedford City, Va.
"Miss Casey"
"He has a face like a benediction."
- CHANBLISS, JOHN A.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.
"Venie"
"I woke one morning and found myself
famous." (?)
- CHEW, LENOX C., Washington, D. C.
"Chaw"
"What's in a name."
- COTTAM, WILLIAM H., New Orleans, La.
"He that complies against his will, is of
the same opinion still."
- COX, JAMES R., Johnson City, Tenn.
"He could distinguish and divide a hair
betwixt south and southwest side."
- CROWDER, ROBERT T., Kelly, Va.
"To wed in haste means to woo at leisure."
- DANIEL, G. S. OWEN, Savannah, Ga.
"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,"
Broad cloth without and warm heart
within."
- DOCKERY, CHARLES F., Memphis, Tenn.
"Dickery Dock"
"Blessings on him who first invented sleep."
- DRAYTON, CHARLES H.,
Charleston, S. C.
"Cholly"
"Were man but constant, he were per-
fect."
- ERCK, ALFRED H., San Juan, P. R.
"A man condemned to wear the public
burden of a nation's care."
- FACE, EDWARD G., Norfolk, Va.
"Eddie"
"Nature made the mold—then broke it."
- FARRISH, CHARLES S. T., Denver, Col.
"Him of the western dome whose mind's
sense
Flows in fit words and eloquence."
- FAULK, W. P., Athens, Tex.
"And gentle dullness ever loses a joke."
- FLOYD, BRIAN, Spartanburg, S. C.
"Fish"
"Always seen at daggers drawing."
- FRASER, ALECK H., San Antonio, Tex.
"Tis the voice of a sluggard: I heard
him complaining. You have waked me too
soon. I must sleep again."
- GARCIA, PHILIP A., San Juan, P. R.
"Blessings on thee, little man."
- GIFFEN, D. EVERITT, Wheeling, W. Va.
"A wit with dunces; and a dunce with wits."
- GREEN, MARCELLUS, Jackson, Miss.
"Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty."
- GREER, JOSEPH E., Peoria, Ill.
"Belly"
"Lies awake nights carving the shape
of a new doublet."
- HARWOOD, THOMAS M., Gonzales, Tex.
"I am Sir Oracle.
"When I ope my lips let no dog bark."



HUNTER, GUY O., Greensboro, N. C.
"Rose"
"A mighty hunter and his prey was man."

JOHNS, GLOVER S., Austin, Tex.
"But Hercules himself must yield to odds."

JONES, JOHN R., Athens, Tex.
"Reddy"
"Eternal smiles his emptiness betrays."

JONES, T. G., Montgomery, Ala.
"T. G."
"The world knows little of its greatest men."

LATHROP, C. PICKETT, Richmond, Va.
"Hick"
"Stay, stay at home my heart, and rest."

LINDSEY, WALLACE N., Alexandria, Va.
"Buck" "Red"
"I am no courtier; no fawning dog of state."

LONG, LAWRENCE I., Fort Worth, Tex.
"Citizen Fix-it" "Lasso Lawrence"
"I am for the public; it has suffered long."

LOWE, RUSSELL G., Baltimore, Md.
"Fatty"
"You look wise—pray correct the error."

MCCORMICK, HOWELL B., Uniontown, Penn.
"Swell Head"
"A loud mouth that spells the vacant mind."

MCCREERY, EDWARD P., Hinton, W. Va.
"Prince"
"As silent (?) as an oyster."

MACDONALD, C. GORDON, New York, N. Y.
"Red" "Slip"
"Order is heaven's first law."

MALONE, PAUL, Buffalo, N. Y.
"The Loud Mick" "Little Mick"
"The lion is not so fierce as painted."

MILLNER, J. McD. ADAIR, Clifton Forge, Va.
"Learn to read slow; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

MINNIGERODE, KARL, Alexandria, Va.
"Minnie"
"A chapter of accidents."

MORGAN, BEN C., McIntosh, Ala.
"Ben"
"Ye little stars, hide your diminished
rays."

MORGAN, JOHN H., Springfield, Mo.
"John Henry" "Sharks"
"That struts and frets his hours."

NEWMAN, CHARLES W., Mt. Clifton, Va.
"Pete"
"I would it were bed time—"

OWSLEY, ALVIN M., Denton, Tex.
"Fufu" "Madame" "King"
"Soothed with a sound, the king grew
vain."

PAXTON, FRANK, Independence, Mo.
"Pack"
"A man's a man for a' that."

MONTGOMERY, JAMES W., Frankfort, Ky.
"Tis fine to have a giant's strength."

PAUL, CHARLES, Harrisonburg, Va.
"Sober as a judge."

PERCIVAL, JOSEPH J., Petersburg, Va.
"Half our knowledge we must snatch,
not take."

PIERCE, RIED M., Lynchburg, Va.
"Men of few words are the best men."

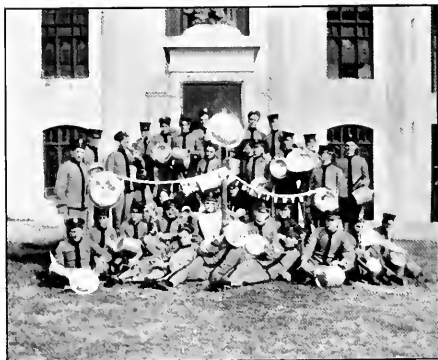
PINNER, JOHN W., Chuckatuck, Va.
"Sailor"
"He was a man of unbounded stomach."



- PLANTS, GEORGE E., Seymour, Tex.
"It is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true."
- POAGUE, W. THOMAS, Lexington, Va.
"Bully"
"As we advance, we learn the limits of
our abilities."
- POLACK, RODNEY W., York, Pa.
"Pole Cat"
"Now crack thy lungs and spit thy bra-
zen pipe."
- POLLOCK, JULIUS, Wheeling, W. Va.
"Jule" "Polick"
"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."
- POWELL, FRANK S., Smithville, Tex.
"Slip"
"Patience, and shuffle the cards."
- PRAGER, ERNST J., Cincinnati, O.
"Wise in his own conceit."
- QUISENBERRY, EDWARD A.,
Lexington, Va.
"Quizzy"
"When proof's present, what need is
there of words?"
- REDMAN, THOMAS T.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
"Red"
"Every why has a wherefore."
- RILLY, NICHOLAS H.
Charleston, W. Va.
"Much may be made of an Irishman if
you begin young."
- RIDDICK, ALFRED T., Suffolk, Va.
"He that utters an oath makes it;
Not he that for convenience takes it."
- RIDDICK, WILLIS S., Suffolk, Va.
"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much."
- ROBERTSON, JAMES F., Charlotte, N. C.
"Tis said he never cracked a smile."
- ROBERTSON, WILLIAM J., Roanoke, Va.
"A bold, bad man."
- ST. CLAIR, W. P., Fayetteville, W. Va.
"Then he will talk—good, bad!
Lord, how he will talk."
- SAUNDERS, FRANK E., Leesburg, Va.
"Come, then, expressive silence
Muse his praise."
- SEBRELL, JOHN EMMETT, Norfolk, Va.
"Great of heart and magnanimous."
- SLOAN, R. E., Monticello, Fla.
"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."
- SMITH, WALTER C., Wheeling, W. Va.
"Men of few words are the best."
- STINNET, H. G., Sherman, Tex.
"He walked as though he was stirring
lemonade with himself."
- TAYLOR, MORGAN, Joplin, Mo.
"Man wants little (?) here below
And wants that little long."
- THOMPSON, ROBERT R., Louisville, Ky.
"Art may err, but nature cannot miss."
- TOWNSEND, R. FOARD, Columbus, Tex.
"Even Sunday shines not Sabbath day
to me."
- TRAVERS, EDGAR E., Cambridge, Md.
"My hair is gray, but not with years."
- TRISLER, J. L., Cincinnati, O.
"I am slow of study."
- TUTWILER, W. S., Savannah, Ga.
"I speak in understanding."
- VIRDEN, W. HARRIS, Jackson, Miss.
"Tis for the good of my country that I
should be abroad."
- WILLIAMS, PHILLIP, Winchester, Va.
"From seeming evils still inducing good."
- WILSON, JOSEPH N., Yazoo City, Miss.
"What care I, when I can lie and rest,
Kill time and take time at its behest."
- WILCOX, T., Norfolk, Va.
"I was born to other things."



History of 1908



OCTOBER 20, 1907

IT is with regret that the members of the class realize that this is the last time that "1908" shall lead a class history. To the casual reader, a class history means but little; it is written as a custom, and read occasionally by some who try to appear interested. But to the members of the graduating class it should mean more, and, in fact, a historian may feel that his duty has been

done if, at some future day, a glance at these pages recalls some forgotten incident that causes the love for V. M. I. and classmates to well up and express itself in a sigh for old Cadet days.

As a class we came into existence on September 1, 1904. We passed through the usual rathood days, suffered a great deal, as we thought, and learned that the way of the transgressor is very, very hard. But these trials and tribulations only make the "tie that binds," while future years strengthen it and mold it as only V. M. I. love for classmates can be molded. The months passed, and with them came Finals—bliss for us all, even to those who became "Also Rans."

In September we returned swelled with importance and overburdened with cares. In November



"FATS" AND "HIP,"



our pride suffered a fall. Poor food—faulty petition—trouble—more trouble—several dismissals, are subjects covering the case. This Third Class year was hard, and time dragged, but at last came June, another Finals, and then we were Second Classmen.

Our second class year was for the most part uneventful. Calculus and Mechanics tripped some, but most of us “got over” by some means. In June the corps went to Jamestown, and there, in camp Capt. John Smith, we had many pleasant experiences, and suffered others. From there we returned to our Final Ball. That is the first mark reached by the graduating class, and causes a feeling in each that at last has come the fulfilling of his desires—to wear the coveted paletot and “blues,” to take advantage of Saturday night permits, First Class hops, and other privileges granted only to the few.

As the sight of our graduating day approaches, we can truly boast of a First Class history if the other years have not been so fruitful.

Extra liberties and privileges have been granted us, and 1908 has indeed been gay in society and class matters.

Who is there in the Class who will forget the night of October 19, when 17 points were rolled up on Virginia against her 18? Not since 1901 had a V. M. I. team done better, and we celebrated as only cadets can. The usual quiet streets of Lexington were paraded and serenaded, and the ceremonies terminated by fireworks and a big blaze on the hill in front of barracks. “Hippy” as color bearer, “Red’s” triple flip, and “Wee’s” prowling are facts and features not soon to be forgotten.

On the night of December 31, we welcomed our graduating year in royal style. A permit was granted for a class banquet, and the spread we had would have



FOOTBALL TEAM



pleased the critical palates of men who had not lived in our mess hall for the then past four months. It was a great success, but '08's men were conspicuous by their absence at rev. on January 1, 1908.

Then spring came, with drills and hard work. But Saturdays were usually filled with ball games, and—strange it seems now—how rapidly came our last exams. and First Class Finals.

As the last days drag slowly on to join the many others we have seen here, and our classmates stroll out on the hill after supper to listen to the mandolin club under the guard tree, or to wander down to limits, there comes a growing tenderness for the old Institute with its associations. Men thrown into closest relations for four years cannot part and go their ways without experiencing strange sensations, and these to the V. M. I. cadet are heightened.

Thus do we leave our Alma Mater, perhaps some of us never to return. We entrust her name and all her noble traditions to be lived up to by those who come. May they zealously watch them and preserve them as we of 1908 have tried to do. Now, in the gaiety of Final Week, we part; the good times of our cadetship pass before our eyes, and as the last strains of "Auld Lang Syne" die away we bid our farewells with blurred eyes. But we rest content if we have done aught to raise the standard of integrity and honorable manhood that falls perforce to those who are numbered among the graduates of V. M. I.

HISTORIAN '08.





BROWN, S. E.

DeSHAZO

DOYLE, J.

FICKES

GRANT

HEWSON

JARVIS

MALONE

RANKIN



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The Jamestown Trip.



Being unable to think of anything suitable or even poetic to commence this tax on your nervous system with, and as all things have an ending—so proclaimed by every one from Confucius to Mrs. Eddy—to hasten that blissful moment, here goes.



Jamestown was merely a taste of graduation for the First Class, a transition from Indolence to More Indolence for the Second, the Better World for the Thirsty Third and the Land of Dreams for the Rats.

The exhibits may, like Gaul, be divided into three great divisions—the things you saw, those that other people saw that you didn't, and the MUD.

* * * * *

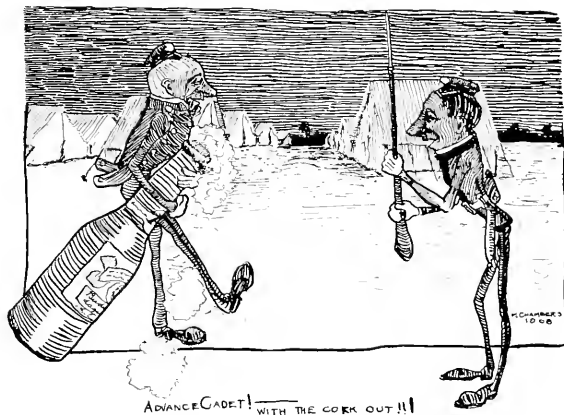
Along with the first preparations for the trip, there suddenly arose a miniature forerunner of the recent financial panic. It did not impend, just broke. I feel that this is the word. Letters home were laden with appeals for financial aid that would have melted the heart of a Chinese idol. Uncles and aunts, who had never at any time manifested even a casual interest in their nephew, now received the most loving epistles, and hints, gentle but perfectly obvious, positively abounded in these "touches" of genius.

The Almighty Dollar came to be regarded with a magnified significance and with or without the motto was the one thing in Life, while the motto without



the coin was found entirely inadequate. To creditors matters assumed an alarming aspect. A campaign of standing off was inaugurated that because of its mere positiveness, or rather negativeness, of expression made these discussions of delayed obligations heated and often eloquent.

Baggage smashing grew apace. Trunks covered with the dust of seeming ages were hauled, jerked, rolled, kicked and cussed from the Dark and Mysterious Caverns rendered as famous as Milwaukee by the T. T. K's. and B. S's. The way in which two brawny upper classmen would release *your* trunk at an elevation of six feet was positively unnerving. Then, throw-everything-in-now-all-together-sit-on-the-lid, and the deed of packing was done.



ADVANCE CADET! — WITH THE CORN OUT !!!

I shan't dwell upon the incidents on the way, for there were none other than the anatomical puzzle of sleeping folded up like a camp stool, as if there was nothing more to you than one head and one neck.

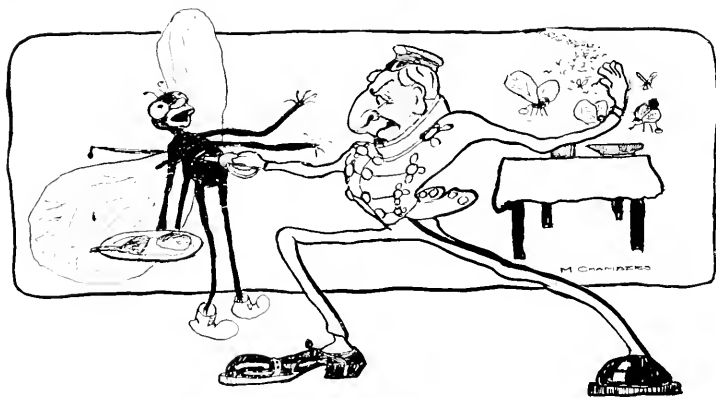
Next, we were on board the good ship *Mary Jane*, of Newport News, bound for Jamestown. A short unsettled (for one didn't know exactly what to do) trip, and we disembarked on the land of the Smiths. John Smith has been the one historic consolation to all the other Smiths, for he, despite such a strikingly unpoetic name as this, flooded the Colonial Fiction Market with a swash-buckling lot of concentrated lies that fairly dazzled Ye Olden Maides of Ye Olden Tyme.

Camp Jamestown comprised four rows of tents, forming at first three streets



which later became canals. Each tent had a wooden floor which, in the tempestuous times that followed, became almost a raft. In one tent there were a number of long, rickety, metal cots, evidently invented at the State Institution for the Not-very-bright. The mattresses were stuffed with corn stalks, though it was earnestly averred by many that several wisps of hay had been inlaid with fence rails, and the completed outrage unloaded on us.

The joy and excitement of it all had enthralled everyone, body and soul, when the first call for dinner reminded us that something important had been left out. Our first (and last) meal was in a huge tent, aflap with flags, and alive with flies. When we sat down we were seen, set upon, and conquered by flies, big, little,



otherwise, persistent, and daring, but every last one of them bent on devouring somebody WHOLE. Death at the hands or feet of flies seemed imminent.

A great swarm of them in a roving moment would rise and take observations from a dizzy, fly height, then their commandant, with a shrill whoop of delight, I fancy, would lead his hungry warriors down upon some other unfortunate table. The authorities had stretched some netting of the weave and texture of chicken wire around the place, but Mr. and Mrs. Fly and the whole—Fly family walked right in unhampered. We spent the time in planning veritable fly massacres but without avail. I have heard that some few went back to supper, but everyone else declared fervently that "he would be —first."



That night there was a sort of universal Night-before-Christmas dream, for tomorrow was Monday and everything would be wide open.

The 10th of June dawned fair, and breakfast having been foregone for reasons aforesaid, all started out to see the Exposition, before drill. What was this compelling screech and recurrent drum and these ladies of the Orient, spangled with beads? A subject of the Sultan is telling us in imported, yet convincing English, that "dees ladeec, dee Princess Ala Bazazza" is the sole and only exponent of "a lovelee" dance. And then with a sly wink precipitates a run on the box office, by waving inside, with a majestic sweep of a tattooed arm, two baggy-trousered musicians. Just then some one heard our bugler blow "Hurry up," and numerous gray streaks went back to Camp. Plates were given a lick and a promise, and "Fall In" was answered in a fair enough state externally.

Conservatively speaking, it was three miles to the Parade Ground and on this June morning amid the beating of toms-toms and more or less soul-stirring "airs" we marched the first fifty feet without a halt; then occurred a series of harrowing waits calculated to disturb the serene equanimity of a billiard ball into a "parrotical" display of language. In the course of four hours we came in sight of the Reviewing Stand, fluttering and waving with femininity, and, in a feverish state of excitement heard "Eyes Right," and for one supreme psychological moment caught a glimpse of that Great Champion of the Stork, T. Roosevelt, wearing as gracious a Sozodont smile as he could muster. Willingly we retraced our steps for hadn't we seen the head of the only "Teddy bare" in our honor?

That evening we got off to see the Exposition.

Thanks are hereby tendered every advertiser of any eatables whatsoever,





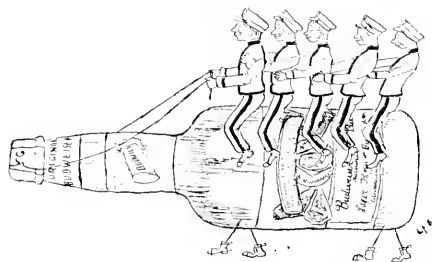
whether it was Evaporated Breakfast Food, Ice Cream Powders or what-not. We manifested an extraordinary interest in everything from Pianos to Perambulators and drank everything from Florida Water, up or down, dependent on your views on the Liquor Question.

At night every one got on the Warpath, entering into the night's amusement with a second pilgrimage to Cairo.

Captain Something-or-other gave exhibitions every fifteen minutes in a huge glass bath-tub of how they do under the sea, all to the inspiring strains of a nasal-voiced callopie.

The Battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor was really an instructive attraction and the din made you think that He—that place—had broke loose.

Hell Gate hadn't been opened yet, but we generally found the way in and with equal ease forgot the way out.



Prof. Ferrari gave a lion-taming every half hour besides other tame things.

By the time a fellow had seen these and a few others and held the customary communion with "spirits," his first notice of time was about three minutes before taps, and he usually reached Camp just in time (to get nipped).

However, there were lots of little things unnoticed that happened nevertheless. Few heard the sleepy sentinel's doleful change from "All's well" to "Aw Hell."

Who cared to bone, if a fellow's trousers were on inside out at Reveille? 'Twas a wonder what was inside wasn't out.

Little things make the world go around (and around). A trivial incident caused quite a remarkable state of affairs in camp. It happened like this: Some fellow saw a V. P. I. cadet avoid a mud-puddle while in ranks. The news spread rapidly and the way V. M. I. began to disdain mud was positively appalling. Mud spots sprang into vogue and became as highly prized as Carnegie medals. Everybody, though bespattered, had walked straight ahead, mud or no mud.

That night it rained . . .



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FLOOD, ACCORDING TO ANANIAS.

And far into the night there came to the tents of the tribe one who had spent the night in feasting and riotous living.

And it came to pass that he was troubled in spirit and sore afraid at the things he saw; for verily he beheld green elephants and blue monkeys, besides a multitude of serpents in all places and he cried out, saying "Verily, I've got 'em, but a Red Raven for breakfast will untangle my legs and all will be well." And he slept the sleep of the befuddled, and lo, while he slept there was a tiny hole in the canopy above his raiment, and the rain came down as never before and he knew it not. And when there came the morning after, he was startled by the sound of the trumpet, but he went not at the summons, and *they* knew it not.

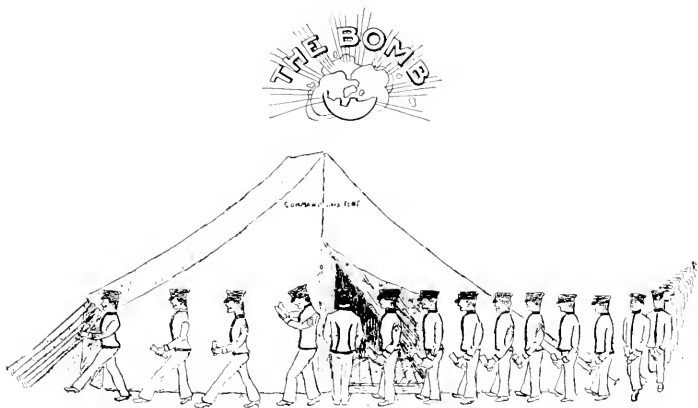


REV. AT JAMESTOWN

And when finally he arose to put himself, his raiment he found they were much wet, and his wrath kindled and he could not be comforted. But he took counsel with one of those who dwelled with him who was known as a youth full of virtue.

And the young man of the world spake to him, saying, "Go, thou, to the tents of the Mighty and tell them of these things and what would they have me do.

And the good friend went and stood at the tent of the High Priest and King, fearing inwardly, for he heard many and strange things that he knew not of. The incense smoke was thick within and there came a sound of many pieces of silver. Then saith the King, "Now, will I raise you ten," and the other pondered a moment and answered him, "You're on," and this was repeated many times; and after a while the High Priest said "What you got?" and the other answered



him saying, "Two pair," and the first one cried, "Full House," joyfully, and the air grew blue thereabouts.

And the one outside returned and told the other that the King had two pair, and would surely lend him one until his should dry; and the first one called his friend a fool, and again went not at the summons of the trumpet. And this time was it manifest, and the King decreed that he should remain in his tent many days, which he did; that is, he was in whenever the official watcher called; but he always returned in time for that.

Amen.

Reveille was often held while the first sergeant, surrounded by water, sought to maintain a precarious foothold, call the roll, and rescue privates from watery graves at the same time.

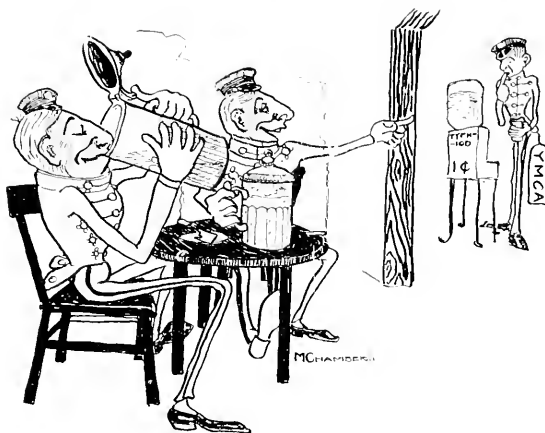
Every one who had the price, or could rake, scrape, borrow, beg or manage for the said price, invested in a poncho from the U. S. Regulars. Some whose exchequers had suffered perceptibly at the hands of the money changers on the Warpath purchased ponchos considerably below the market price. These proved to be *highly* abbreviated, to say the least. To see some fellow out in the rain standing guard in one of these rainy day skirts immediately put one in mind of an ostrich, who when it rains sticks his head in the sand and leaves the rest to imagination. The guard's shoulders were dry enough, but the rest of him was too *Damp* to be pleasant.

Grandmothers, cousins, aunts, uncles, sisters and brothers, and other distant relations, who, he it said, invariably resided in Norfolk, evinced an unheard of (the truth!) hospitality, and the permit line to the Commandant's tent looked



like waiters at a Salvation Army dinner. Fortunately, the plan was "Return and no questions will be asked."

Scattered over the Exposition, which you found just when you were thirstiest, were little out door affairs called Gardens, where one could be refreshed with certain by-products of the hop. They hand you the wine list as such a matter of course that you just have to—as a matter of course. If there is anything that will positively induce thirst, it is a well gotten up wine list, and these they always

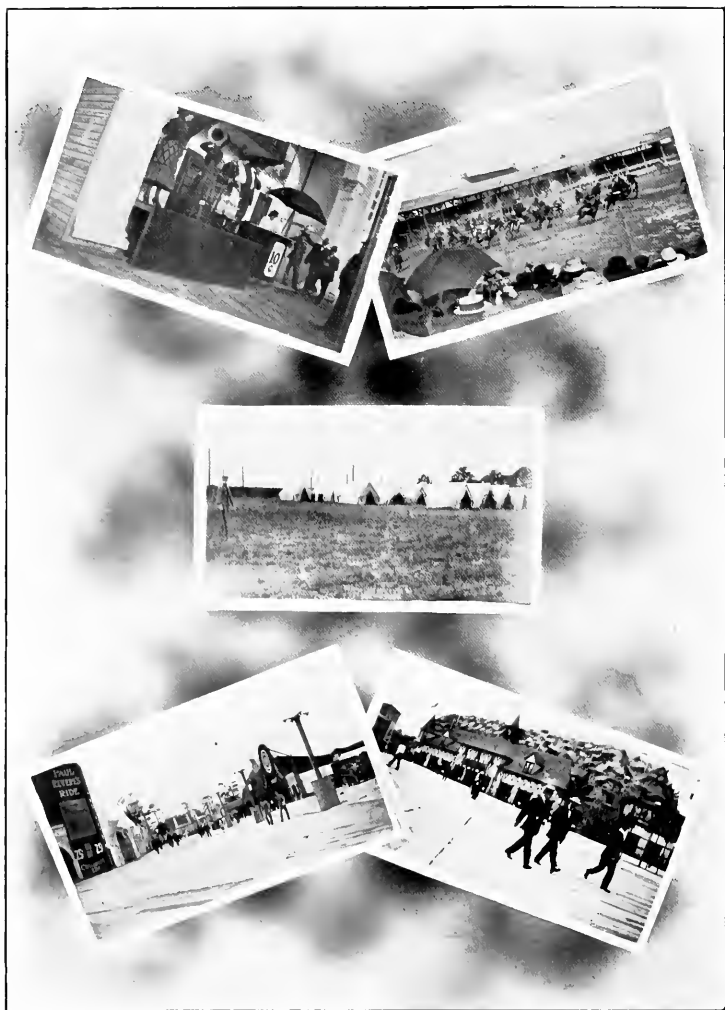


had. Again, the orchestra never failed to render some bibulous melody as "Under the Anheuser-Busch," and 'tis no wonder that even a Y. M. C. A. fellow couldn't long hesitate before sipping the Universal Cheerfulizer.

"Come join the gang and be a good fellow,

And see the schooners come over the bar."

[- V. M. I. added to her laurels at Jamestown, as she always will until Gabriel sounds off at the Crack o'Doom and we all get promoted, or, may be, reduced to ranks.



SCENES AT JAMESTOWN



The Jamestown Trip by Orders.



HEADQUARTERS, CORPS OF CADETS.

V. M. I., LEXINGTON, VA.,

June 6, 1907.

Orders }
No. 243. }

Battalion drill will take place to-morrow, the 7th inst., at 9 a. m.

In addition to paragraph 53, Blue Book, cadets will familiarize themselves with paragraphs 562, 569, I. D. R., in regard to camping and camp duties.

Immediately after the return of the battalion from drill to-morrow, cadets will be allowed to bring the trunks they are to take to Jamestown to their rooms. The trunk room will be open for this purpose. Cadets will see that all other clothing and property left in barracks is properly packed away and made secure during their absence.

* * * * *

By order of COL. MILLS.

OFFICIAL:

CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

(Signed) CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.
Cadet Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, CORPS OF CADETS.

V. M. I., LEXINGTON, Va.,

June 7th, 1907.

Orders }
No. 244. }

The first call for the Corps to fall in under arms to-morrow will be sounded at 5.15 p. m. and the assembly at 5.25 p. m. The uniform will be forage caps, blouses, and gray trousers. As soon as the companies are formed, arms will be stacked and the battalion marched to supper with side arms on. The battalion will leave the mess-hall so as to be in front of barracks not later than 6.05 p. m. The guard will be relieved at the assembly and each member will join his company and go to supper. The officer of the day will be on duty as such until relieved the next day, but will march with his company. The four tactical officers will march to the station in front of the battalion, but will fall out on arriving there.

By order of COL. MILLS.

OFFICIAL
CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

(Signed) CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.



HEADQUARTERS, CORPS OF CADETS,
CAMP CAPT. JOHN SMITH, JAMESTOWN, VA.,
June 9, 1907.

Orders)
No. 245.)

Cadets will arrange their tents in accordance with paragraph 53, Blue Book, and they will be ready for inspection at all times mentioned therein. * * *

* * * Cadets leaving camp, but who do not leave the Exposition Grounds will wear coatees and gray trousers. Cadets who leave the Grounds will wear white trousers and coatees. * * *

* * * The color line will extend from the face of the Commandant's tent to post No. 4, and parallel to post No. 5. All cadets crossing the color line will salute by uncovering.

The first class will not wear either the blue or white uniform while at the Exposition nor will the second class wear the blue uniform.

By order of COL. MILLS,

OFFICIAL:

CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

(Signed) CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, CORPS OF CADETS,
CAMP CAPT. JOHN SMITH, JAMESTOWN, VA.,
June 11, 1907.

Orders.)
No. 246.)

By reporting to the officer of the day on leaving camp that they desire to be absent from tattoo, all cadets not in arrest or under confinement will not be required to attend tattoo who report as herein directed. * * *

* * * Until further orders, the first call for supper will be sounded at 6.50 p. m. and the assembly at 7.00 p. m. Beginning at breakfast to-morrow, the battalion will be marched to the Swiss Restaurant for meals. Hereafter, cadets will be served with two meals only at the expense of the Institute. Breakfast will be at time herein ordered.

The first call for the battalion to assemble for the "Virginia Day" parade will be sounded at 12.50 p. m., assembly at 1.00 p. m. Until further orders there will be no dinner roll call.

By order of COL. MILLS.

(Signed) CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

OFFICIAL:
CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, CORPS OF CADETS,
CAMP CAPT. JOHN SMITH, JAMESTOWN, VA.,
June 13, 1907.

Orders.)
No. 247.)

Cadets will have all of their baggage packed, addressed, and ready in the street in front of the officers' line of tents by 10.00 a. m. to-morrow, June 14. All baggage not in place named



by 12.00 m. will be left behind. If it is raining when the wagons arrive for the baggage, it will be piled in the middle of the tent floors and both ends of the tent opened so that it can be seen. In the latter case, each cadet in charge of a group of four will be responsible for the baggage being placed on the wagon.

The first call for supper to-morrow will be sounded at 4.30 and the assembly at 4.40 p. m. If it is not raining, the battalion will be formed under arms, and after stacking arms will be marched to supper.

Ten minutes before the first call for supper each company commander will have his company turned out for the purpose of policing around the streets and tents. The guard will be sent to supper so that it will be back before the battalion leaves for supper.

By reporting to the Officer of the Day that they desire to attend the dance at the "Inside Inn" to-night, cadets not under any restrictions will be allowed to be absent from camp until thirty minutes after the dance closes. The five cadets who are not to return to Lexington with the corps will turn in to the Ordnance Sergeant all of their ordnance equipment immediately after guard mounting to-morrow morning.

By order of COL. MILLS.

OFFICIAL:
CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

(Signed) CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.





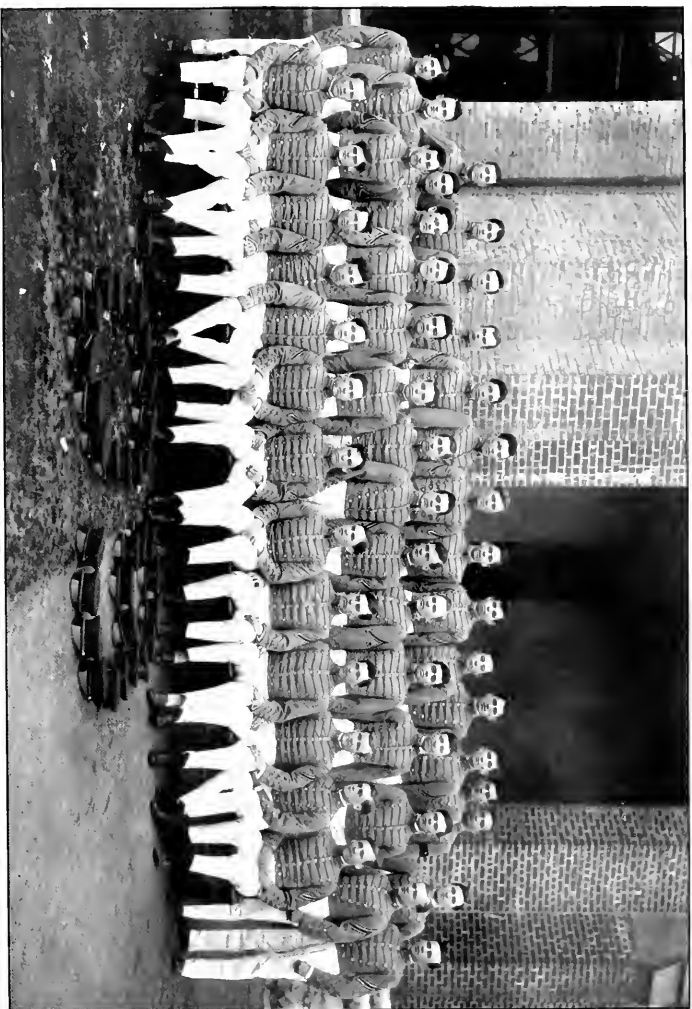
The Class of 1909



CLASS COLORS
Purple and White

T. M. SCOTT	President
W. M. RHETT	Vice-President
B. D. MAYO	Historian

ADAMS, FRED W.	Kansas City, Mo.
ALEXANDER, G. MURRELL.	Lynchburg, Va.
BRETT, GEORGE H.	Cleveland, O.
BRITTON, LOUIS N.	Percy, Miss.
BURACKER, EDWARD M.	Baltimore, Md.
CASKIE, HAMILTON B.	Bedford City, Va.
CROCKETT, ALBERT S.	Bedford City, Va.
DOWNNEY, BRUCE J.	Alexandria, Va.
DOYLE, HOBERT E.	Richmond, Va.
DRAYTON, CHARLES H.	Charleston, S. C.
DUNCAN, E. TOWNES	Grenada, Miss.
ELLISON, LEWIS H.	Norfolk, Va.
GANT, ROGER	Burlington, N. C.
GATES, OSCAR	Fort Smith, Ark.
GRAMMER, ROBERT M.	Fort Worth, Tex.
GUTHRIE, W. HARDIN	Nashville, Tenn.
HAMLIN, THOMAS	Danville, Va.
HAYES, SAMUEL L.	Thomasville, Ga.
HOBSON, JAMES W.	Colorado Springs, Col.
JACOB, HERBERT A.	Richmond, Va.
JAMES, THOMAS G. Jr.	Sharkey, Miss.
JENKINS, COLEMAN W.	Norfolk, Va.
JONES, LOUIS L.	Canton, Ga.
KEEN, HUGH B.	Hamilton, Va.
LINDSEY, EUGENE L.	Alexandria, Va.



CLASS OF 1909.



McClellan, Robert W.	Knoxville, Tenn.
McMillen, Donald R.	Whitewater, Wis.
McMillin, Douglas N.	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Magruder, John	Woodstock, Va.
Mayo, B. Davis	Roanoke, Va.
Minis, Carol	Savannah, Ga.
Minton, Charles A.	New York, N. Y.
Noell, John J.	East Radford Va.
Norris, Richard J.	Louisville, Ky.
Owsley, Alvin M.	Denton, Tex.
Parrish, Robert E.	Baltimore, Md.
Poague, W. Thomas	Lexington, Va.
Polk, Geogre W.	Fort Worth, Tex.
Pollock, Julius	Wheeling, W. Va.
Porter, Henry J.	Birmingham, Ala.
Prettyman, T. Mann	Marion, S. C.
Rhett, Wythe M.	Columbus, Miss.
Richardson, Gray	Reidsville, N. C.
Robertson, George T.	Mexico, Mo.
Scott, Thomas M.	McKinney, Tex.
Sims, N. Porter	Bowling Green, Ky.
Sinclair, Jesse L.	Hampton, Va.
Smith, Walter C.	Wheeling, W. Va.
Stevens, Cecil W.	Richmond, Va.
Wagner, Richard F.	Newport News, Va.
Westmoreland, Willis F.	Atlanta, Ga.
Wheeler, Carnall	Sallisaw, I. T.
White, Orrin B.	Richmond, Va.

Total—53.



History of the Class of 1909.



WE ARE STILL HERE, that is, some of us are, and for those who have dropped out, we will say, they didn't stay long enough to get a taste of the better side of cadet life. As rats, the time, as a whole, was not enjoyed to the fullest extent, although it was occasionally amusing. Then as third classmen we had troubles of our own, and nothing went to suit us. It is only as second classmen that we have really enjoyed being cadets. One of the pleasures has been to sit by and look on and feel that the whole duty of keeping the rats "finning out," and making them do various and sundry little rat duties, doesn't fall altogether on you, individually.

But to begin with the history—you know how second classes are? They've been here just long enough to find out they are not the whole show and have not been here quite long enough to be the whole show. They spend the time trying to live down the past, and don't make any history. Nevertheless, we'll give what we have.

As usual, the sergeants returned first, to help in getting the rats in shape, and between drills the time was spent in wondering and talking and guessing who would and who wouldn't come back. This lasted until the Corps returned. Then everybody was so glad to see everybody else that the next two or three days were taken up with happy greetings, talks of how the summer had been spent, and who had had the best time. When things had settled a little, and we had looked over the class to see who hadn't shown up, it was found that several sergeants were missing. This caused some excitement among the boys whose blouse sleeves were bare, and there was great "running" until the appointments were made.

Academic duties soon began, and as second classes are not very active in school



politics, we didn't have much to do but study. Of course some few spent considerable time corresponding with numerous "calic," but that does not count.

Along towards intermediate there was much discussion as to the best course to take. It looked for a while as if the whole class was going to take chemistry, and notwithstanding the fact that a few did finally decide to take electrical and civil engineering, we are better represented in the chemistry course than any other class has been for some time past. Let us hope that those who took that course will find it as easy as they expected.

We have been a lucky class in one sense of the word. Only one officer has been reduced to ranks, and we trust he will be wearing chevrons again next year. On the other hand, we were so unlucky as to lose a member by dismissal; but he was as good as any other man in the class—just unlucky.

Our number has been increased recently by the enlistment of as second class rat. An unusual occurrence, though in keeping with the record of '09, as most things connected with us have been out of the ordinary. As a class we welcome our new class-mate and feel sure he will be equal to the best of us.

1909 was well represented on the football field this year. Several made the monogram, and others showed that they intended to do so next year. We also have our share on the baseball team, so in athletics we are not at the bottom.

Our one ambition now is to become first classmen, those privileged characters, who wear capes and go up town occasionally.

HISTORIAN, '09.





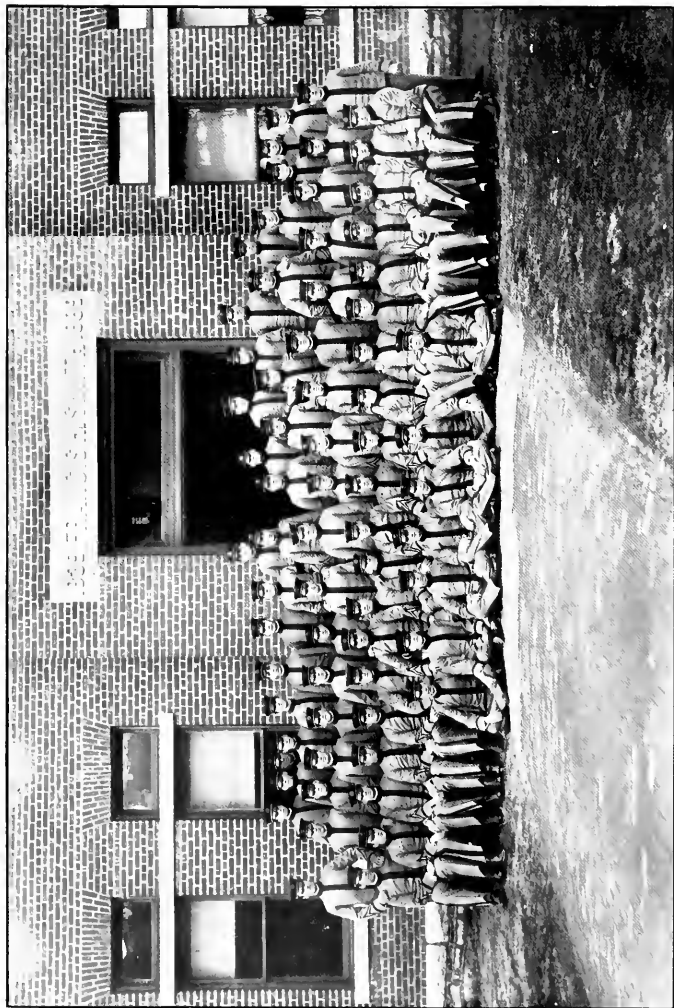
The Class of 1910



CLASS COLORS

Gray and Pink.

R. H. THOMAS	President
H. G. POAGUE	Vice-President
O. C. LLOYD	Historian
ADAMS, HAYS O.	Lynchburg, Va.
AKIN, SPENCER D.	Greenville, Miss
ANDERSON, JAMES A. JR.	Lynchburg, Va.
BALDINGER, ORA M.	Norfolk, Va.
BALL, EDWARD C.	Mayesville, Ky.
BENTLEY, J. BRUCE	Hampton, Va.
BLOW, ALLMAND M.	Ware Neck, Va.
BOOTH, LANCE E.	Oak Park, Ill.
BOWE, WILLIAM F.	Augusta, Ga.
BROWN, CHARLES C.	St. Louis, Mo.
BROWN, ROY H.	Knoxville, Tenn.
BRYANT, WILLIAM C.	Raynor, Va.
BULLOCK, WILLIAM B.	Irwin, Va.
BURNS, ROBERT E.	Mansfield, O.
CAFFERY, JAMES P.	Lafayette, La.
CAMP, GILMAN L.	Billings, Mont.
COULBOURN, CHARLES B.	Walker's Ford, Va.
CROWSON, BEN. F.	Parksley, Va.
DANIELS, GEORGE S.	Goldsboro, N. C.
DASHIELL, HARRY G.	Smithfield, Va.
DENHAM, JAMES L.	Washington, D.C
DERBY, CLYDE L.	Norfolk, Va.
DODSON, H. LEE	St. Michaels, Md.
EASTHAM, KENNA G.	Harrisonburg, Va.



THE CLASS OF 1910.



EASTHAM, ROBERT L.	Harrisonburg, Va.
ELLISON, ALEXANDER H.	Norfolk, Va.
ENGLISH, PAUL X.	Richmond, Va.
FINCH, THOMAS C.	Huntsville, Tex.
FRASER, DOUGLAS M.	San Antonio, Tex.
GARBER, DANIEL M.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
GILLIAM, JAMES R.	Lynchburg, Va.
HAMNER, G. CARROLL	Washington, D. C.
HILL, JAMES M.	Lexington, Va.
HODGE, EDWIN, JR.	Henderson, Ky.
HULL, CARL T.	New York, N. Y.
JEWELL, JOHN D.	Cincinnati, O.
JOHNSON, FRANCIS L.	Crescent, W. Va.
JORDAN, J. JULIAN.	Hinton, W. Va.
KANE, HENRY S.	Gate City, Va.
KINSOLVING, HERBERT B.	Mt. Sterling, Ky.
LAWSON, R. BARKSDALE	South Boston, Va.
LIND, WARNER E.	McMinnville, Tenn.
LIPPER, LAWRENCE I.	Houston, Tex.
LLOYD, ORIN C.	Durham, N. C.
MCINTYRE, ROBERT C.	Warrenton, Va.
MACKALL, PORTER A.	Savannah, Ga.
MACLEAN, GEORGE M.	Savannah, Ga.
MAHONE, MARION T.	Petersburg, Va.
MILLER, JOHN M. JR.	Richmond, Va.
MILLER, OTEY N.	Richmond, Va.
MILLER, RANDOLPH D.	Roanoke, Va.
MURPHY, D. EDWARD	Washington, D. C.
NELSON, PEYTON G.	Lynchburg, Va.
NICHOLS, JAMES A. JR.	Petersburg, Va.
NOWLIN, ROBERT A.	Lynchburg, Va.
ORR, ROBERT S.	Pennington Gap, Va.



FATTISON, THEO. S. JR.	Cambridge, Md.
PAYNE, J. GORDON, JR.	Lynchburg, Va.
PENDLETON, ARVID M.	Laurel, Md.
PEYTON, THOMAS G.	Richmond, Va.
PICKENS, J. COBUKN	Lexington, Va.
POAGUE, HENRY G.	Lexington, Va.
POLLARD, VALENTINE H.	Newbern, Ala.
RANKIN, GEORGE I.	Goshen, N. Y.
RHETT, R. BARNWELL	Summerville, S. C.
RICHARDS, RUSSELL	Riverton, Va.
ROYALL, SAMUEL J.	Wilmington, N. C.
SAUNDERS, RICHARD B.	Richmond, Va.
SHEPHERD, BROWNIE F.	Clinton, Ind.
SNIDOW, ROBERT C.	Pembroke, Va.
STAPLES, S. HEREFORD	Wylie, Tex.
TAIT, ROBERT L.	Norfolk, Va.
TALIAFERRO, JOHN C.	Baltimore, Md.
TAYLOR, ALBERT L.	Pittsburg, Pa.
TAYLOR, JOHN T.	Rocky Mount, Va.
THOMAS, RICE H.	Roanoke, Va.
THOMPSON, JOHN V.	Lynch, Va.
TINSLEY, JAMES W. JR.	East Radford Va.
WARD, BERKELEY, JR.	Faconian Springs, Va.
WARNER, ROBERT H.	St. Louis, Mo.
WENDEROTH, COLLIER	Fort Smith, Ark.
WHITE, GILBERT G.	Abingdon, Va.
WILSON, G. SCOTT	Belton, Mo.
WILSON, T. SEATON	Norfolk, Va.
WINDER, JOHN C.	Columbus, O.
YANCEY, JAMES P.	Culpeper, Va.
Total	86



The History of 1910

by

ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1906, a pedestrian on the Avenue may have noticed standing in front of the Superintendent's office, a crowd of young men dressed in citizens' attire. Little did he guess that this throng was the beginning of the now famous class of 1910. But, nevertheless, it was, and this gathering was truly "us." One by one we entered the office to be plied with questions by "Old Billy," before we were allowed to matriculate. Several minutes after this, as we passed through the courtyard on our way to the Quartermaster's, we were greeted by a chorus of yells and hoots from the third stoop. Many of us mistook these howls for a friendly ovation, and were delighted that the old cadets were giving us such a cordial reception. The oft repeated cry, 'Fin out, mister!' soon began to tell on our nerves, however, and when we reached the Arch all of us were thoroughly scared. Soon we got our caps from the military store, and it was then that we felt the first joys of being V. M. I. Cadets. In fact, we were so pleased that we entirely forgot the stoop full of howling third classmen, that we had just passed. Little did we realize what lay before us, what troubles and joys we would have, what adversities and privations we needs must suffer, and what a lot of toil ours was to be. I will pass over our rathood days and our doings as rats, for these things have been immortalized by my predecessor.

On September 4, 1907, the ten ranking corps were ordered to return to school to assist in drilling the rats. Singly and in groups of three or four they began to come in, often accompanied by third class privates. By the eleventh, most of the members of '10 had returned and, although a considerable number had fallen by the wayside, our class numbered nearly eighty-five. What fun those first few days were! Verily as my predecessor predicted we had grown horns and cloven hoofs, and immediately after our arrival, we began to display these, much to the sorrow of the rats. For a long time we were forbidden to visit the rats and as we needed amusement of some sort we resorted to the bad practice of bomb-throwing as a source of entertainment. It has always been a mystery



how bombs could be thrown from crowds on the stoops into the courtyard in broad daylight, with the O. D. looking on, and is a wonder that only one or two men were ever caught and reported for firing combustibles.

Our trip to Roanoke on November 9, was as pleasant and enjoyable as could be wished for. As we had signed a pledge to abstain from intoxicants while on the trip, it was only natural that each man, while in Roanoke should supply himself with material for use when he got back to barracks. On the day after our return, however, one of our numbers unintentionally fell from the water wagon and to save him from dismissal the class signed a pledge, the second in our history. Not long after this another noteworthy event in our career took place. This deed is well known to all the cadets, and in connection with it nothing need be said.

'10 has furnished its quota of men to the athletic field. Two of our number made football monograms this year and it is probable that several members of '10 will make baseball monograms. In books, during the past session, all of us have shone as brightly as the sun itself' and although our class is composed entirely of eminent mathematicians and scientists, our instructors do not appreciate the ability which we display, and often go so far as to call us the dumbest class that ever attended the Institute.

It is now nearly time for glorious furlough days again and we have almost completed one more step toward our dips. Only two more remain, and as the long sought for dips begin to boom up in the hazy future, let us all hope that these last steps will be completed as successfully as the first ones.

HISTORIAN, '10.



The Class of 1911



CLASS COLORS

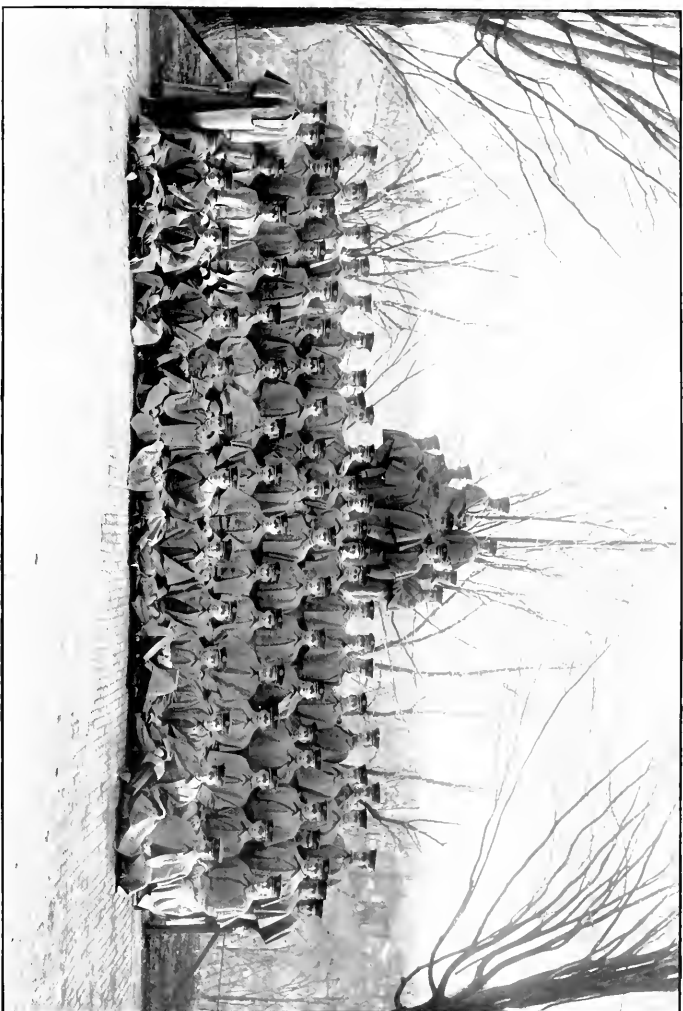
Rats have none

H. W. SMITH	President
C. R. DAVANT	Vice-President
E. T. DAVANT	Historian

ADAMS, WALKER H	Lynchburg, Va.
ANDERSON, MERIWETHER L	Richmond, Va.
BAKER, THOMAS B	Purcellville, Va.
BALL, LELAND C	Sewickley, Pa.
BARLOW, ELI	Corry, Pa.
BEAUCHAMP, JAMES ROGER	Princess Anne, Md.
BECKER, LELAND	Roanoke, Va.
BIEDLER, PAUL MCA.	Baltimore, Md.
BILLUPS, FORD	Turitt, Tex.
BOOTH, C. MURRAY	Oak Park, Ill.
BOWMAN, RUFUS C	Salem, Va.
BOYCE, JOSEPH E. JR	Pine Bluff, Ark.
BRISTER, CHARLES M	Petersburg, Va.
BROWN, MILLS	La Grange, Tex.
BRUSH, ROBERT H	New York, N. Y.
BUESCHER, ALFRED G	Smithville, Tex.
BURDEAU, GEORGE T	St. Louis, Mo.
BURLESON, MURRAY F	Smithville, Tex.
CARPENTER, JOHN J	Lawrenceburg, Ky.
CLEMMER, RICHARD H	Middlebrook, Va.
COCKSHAW, HERBERT, JR	New York, N. Y.
COLE, ENSER W	Carnegie, Pa.
COLLIER, THOMAS H. JR	Alzheimer, Ark.
COLLINS, GEORGE R	Charleston, W. Va.
DAVANT, C. RINGGOLD	Roanoke, Va.
DAVANT, EDWARD T	Roanoke, Va.
DAVENPORT, RALPH M	Denver, Col.
DAVISON, YANCEY MCA.	Baltimore, Md.
DEAN, J. RANDOLPH	Owensboro, Ky.
DILLARD, A. WOOD	Baltimore, Md.
DONALDSON, LYTHER J	Carrollton, Mo.
EARLY, J. FINKS	Wilhoit, Va.
ELDEN, JOHN A	East Liverpool, O.



ELY, PRICE W	Jonesville, Va.
EMERY, NATHANIEL W	Danville, Va.
EWING, JAMES L	New Orleans, La.
FALK, DAVID B. JR	Savannah, Ga.
FOSTER, E. W. JR	Dallas, Tex.
FUNSTEN, EDWARD S	St. Louis, Mo.
GANT, EDWIN H	Burlington, N. C.
GARDNER, JAMES	Augusta, Ga.
GAY, CARLETON O	Warren, Pa.
GENTRY, WALTER R	Independence, Mo.
GEROW, LEONARD T	Petersburg, Va.
GOODWIN, LOOMIS MCA	Raleigh, N. C.
GRIBBLE, JOE B JR	New Orleans, La.
HAGAN, J. MORTON	Richmond, Va.
HAGENBUCH, JOSEPH S	Mahanoy, City, Pa.
HANCOCK, CHAMBLIN F	Lynchburg, Va.
HARDAWAY, BEN H. JR	Columbus, Ga.
HARRIS, REGINALD L	Roxboro, N. C.
WINTON, WADE H	Versailles, Ky.
HIRST, VIRGINIUS B	Purecellville, Va.
HOLTON, W. LAYTON	Centreville, Md.
HOPKINS, THOMPSON	Nashville, Tenn.
HOWARD, SAMUEL L	Washington, D. C.
HUGHES, NEILL	Baltimore, Md.
HUNDLEY, JOSEPH M	Lebanon, Ky.
HUTCHINS, H. STANLEY	Lincoln, Va.
JACKSON, WILLIAM C	Richmond, Va.
JOHNSON, F. BERTRAND	Bessemer, Mich.
JOHNSTON, NEWMAN	Baltimore, Md.
JONES, ALFRED M	Denver, Col.
KEARNEY, J. KEARSLEY	Baltimore, Md.
KEITH, A. A. MORSON	Richmond, Va.
KING, LAWRENCE G	East Liverpool, O.
KRAFT, WILLIAM R	Kingston, N. Y.
LANIER, RAYMOND S	Danville, Ky.
LEE, H. FITZHUGH	Fredericksburg, Va.
LEGORE, JAMES A	LeGore, Md.
LENKARD, GUY M	Wheeling, W. Va.
LONG, MOTT R	Roxboro, N. C.
LYNCH, JOHN E	Washington, D. C.
McCLURE, HUGH	Staunton, Va.
McENTEE, JANSEN A	Kingston, N. Y.
MARTIN, RICHARD W	Defiance, O.
MASON, JOHN Y	Lynchburg, Va.
MECREDY, JAMES R	Roanoke, Va.



THE CLASS OF 1911.



MILLNER, SAMUEL M. JR	Danville, Va.
MINOR, JAMES M	Uniontown, Pa.
MISH, ROBERT W. II	Middlebrook, Va.
MOORE, L. FRANKLIN	Gadsden, Ala.
MOORES, WILLIAM H. H. JR	Texarkana, Tex.
MORSE, GEORGE A	Minneapolis, Minn.
MORRISON, LAWRENCE F	Kansas City, Mo.
MOSELEY, THOMAS S	Richmond, Va.
NALLE, ADRIAN	Culpeper, Va.
PALMER, CARL I	Shreve, O.
PARKER, WILLIAM	Chance, Va.
POSEY, A. CECIL	San Jose, Cal.
POWELL, JOHN H	Smithville, Tex.
POWELL, MATHEW J	Belmont, Va.
PUGH, CHARLES S	Williamsport, Pa.
PURCELL, EDWARD S	Harrisonburg, Va.
REMBERT, GAILLARD	Rembert, S. C.
RICHARDSON, EDMUND E. JR	New Orleans, La.
ROBINSON, WARREN S	Norfolk, Va.
RUEHRMUND, MAX E	Richmond, Va.
RYLEY, WILL	Kansas City, Mo.
SAMS, R. TROY	Bristol, Tenn.
SCHRIVER, ZANY J	Knoxville, Tenn.
SIVE, ABA S	Red Star, W. Va.
SMITH, HAROLD W	Purcellville, Va.
SMITH, JULIAN	Birmingham, Ala.
SMITH, MACLIN F	Birmingham, Ala.
SMYTH, JOSEPH G	Uvalde, Tex.
SNYDER, MILTON K	Lexington, Ky.
STEVENS, GEORGE W. JR	Richmond, Va.
STEVENSON, JOHN	Corinth, Ky.
SYDNOR, WILLIAM O. JR	Staunton, Va.
THOMAS, NEWELL E	Taylor, Tex.
TIFT, AMOS C	Tifton, Ga.
TRINKLE, LACY L	Dublin, Va.
WALKER, H. DAVIS	Pemberton, Va.
WARD, H. CARLETON	New York, N. Y.
WHITE, ISAAC G	Shawsville, Va.
WILSON, J. PENDLETON	Wheeling, W. Va.
WILSON, ROGER M	Savannah, Ga.
WOOLARD, SOLOMON	Tarboro, N. C.
WRIGHT, SAUNDERS	Pemberton, Va.
YOUNG, W. LESLIE	Lexington, Va.
ZOLLMAN, CHARLES B	Walton, Ind.
Total	

. 122



History of the Class of 1911



THE history of a Rat class, kind reader, is different from that of the others. Ours is a succession of tragedies and disappointments such as happen only to new cadets. We are treated inhumanly—not inhumanely—; for though we are “rats” we always have a fair show. And allow me to tell you also that, with all our trials and disappointments during our ratdom, we have more fun than any other class. We always look back and laugh over something that troubled us only a short time before.

But to our history. It was on the fourth of September that we of 1911 were supposed to report, but only about half of the fellows came at the appointed time. The rest of our class came in in bunches for a week or more.

On the fifth, squad drill began—also our troubles. Squad drill! What a thing that is to a rat! Each squad was in charge of a corporal, a most impressive and important being, on whom we looked with awe and dread, and with good reason; for these men could do most awful things.

Next on the program was the eleventh—the fatal eleventh of September—when the old cadets returned. For some time we lived in misery, for what were we here for, but to amuse the more fortunate upper classmen? We afforded them much enjoyment, for we were green, as every rat class is, and made many unfortunate breaks, for which we were punished by having to sweep out our holes with short handedled brooms.

The ninth of November is also a date well worth remembering, for the monotony of barrack life was broken by a trip to Roanoke. The whole corps accompanied the football team, which played V. P. I. Great were the times we had on this trip. Away from restrictions, all the rats were in for a good time and, needless to say, they had it. But without an exception our classmates behaved in a most gentlemanly way, as did the whole corps.



Football was very popular among the third classmen, and not having seen very many games on the gridiron, they—with their ever fertile brains—devised a plan, very pleasing to themselves, but very, very, displeasing to the rats. They got up two teams and held the games in any convenient room. The ball was a water bucket, inflated with water and woe betide the center and guards, when a line buck was made, and the end when a forward pass was used.

With this, and many other forms of amusement, at the expense of the rats, the third classmen were happy for some time.

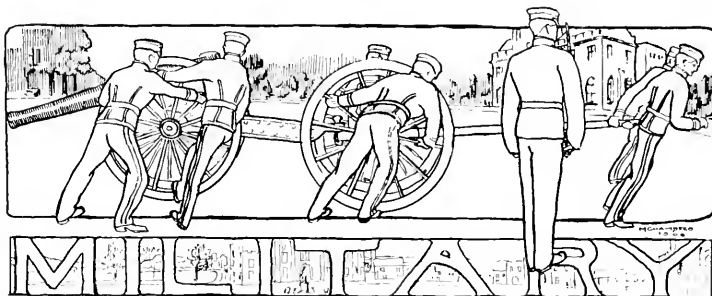
When spring came the rats had to don the "full dike," and the dikes we had on were ludicrous in the extreme. Some of us didn't get on a dike at all, others went down minus a breastplate and still others with caps instead of shakos.

In athletics our classmates did remarkably well. Three of our men made substitutes on the Varsity, while the scrub team was composed of rats. In baseball, too, we have a representative. One of our men made catcher, and several others are out on the field.

Well, everything must have an ending—even a class history—; therefore I'll end this masterpiece with the hope that the reader of this history will join me in wishing all good luck to the rats of this most worthy class.

HISTORIAN '11.





HEADQUARTERS, CORPS OF CADETS.,
V. M. I., LEXINGTON, Va.

June 15, 1907.

Orders No. 248.

The Commandant desires to express to the corps his appreciation of the excellent showing it made at Jamestown and to say that he is proud to have commanded such an organization. With the exception of two or three incidents the trip was in every way a successful one and should prove beneficial to the Institute and to the cadets.

After the Governor of Virginia decided not to take part in the parade on "Virginia Day," he told the Commandant that he would not need an escort, but requested him to say to the cadets that if he had had one it would have been the Virginia Military Institute Cadets.

* * * * *

Official

CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

By order of COL. MILLS,
(Signed) CHAS. A. LYERLY, JR.,
Cadet Adjutant.

The above order published after the return of the corps from Jamestown, bears ample testimony to the unsullied bearing of the cadets while at the Exposition.



An extremely rainy session withheld honors due the Corps for the excellent showing that they could have made at Butt's Manual and battalion drill, and every one felt that an opportunity had been missed. But in two parades the battalion showed forth at its best and applause greeted us from every side. Who in the 1907 Corps will forget the thrill caused by the loud cheers of the assemblage when we marched past the Governor, on Virginia Day? The report of the Army Inspector, preceeding the trip to the Exposition, was very complimentary and still keeps the Institute where we would all have it—second to none.





CAPT. CAMPBELL



CAPT. NICHOLS



CAPT. WILSON



COL. MILLS



CAPT. POGUE



CAPT. PRUL



CAPT. BURROUGHS

COMMANDANT AND TACTICAL OFFICERS



Battalion Organization



A. E. DONNAN	<i>Lieutenant and Adjutant</i>
W. T. BIEDLER	<i>Lieutenant and Quartermaster</i>
E. M. BURACKER	<i>Sergeant-Major</i>
Co. "A"		Co. "B"		Co. "C"		Co. "D"

Captains

J. M. FRAY ¹	J. Q. PIERCE ³	G. B. WARD ⁴	R. W. MASSIE ²
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First Lieutenants

A. H. GENTRY ¹	A. P. LEWIS ³	E. H. HANCOCK ⁴	L. H. EARLE ²
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Second Lieutenants

C. S. CARTER ¹	R. O. EDWARDS ³	R. BROOKE ⁴	H. T. JONES ²
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First Sergeants

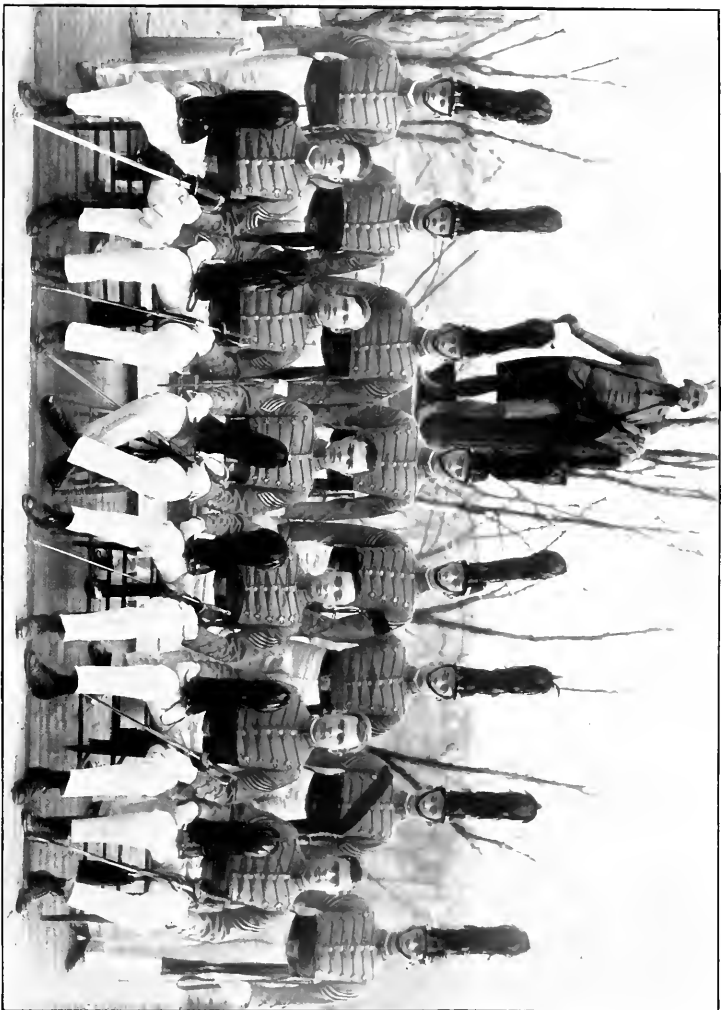
A. M. OWSLEY ¹	G. H. BRETT ³	H. A. JACOBS ⁴	J. MAGRUDER ²
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Sergeants

G. M. ALEXANDER ¹	J. POLLOCK ³	H. J. PORTER ⁴	T. M. SCOTT ²
R. GANT ⁵	C. W. JENKINS ⁷	D. R. McMILLEN ⁸	J. G. RICHARDSON ⁶
D. D. MAYO ⁹	R. M. GRAMMER ¹¹	R. F. WAGNER ¹²	G. W. POLK ⁹
C. WHEELER ¹³	W. T. POAGUE ¹⁵	O. GATES ¹⁶	R. W. McCLELLAN ¹⁴

Corporals

H. G. POAGUE ¹	W. C. BRYANT ³	H. B. KINSOLVING ⁴	O. M. BALDINGER ²
R. B. SAUNDERS ⁵	S. B. AKIN ⁷	H. G. DASHIELL ⁸	G. M. MACLEAN ⁶
D. M. GARBER ⁷	J. A. ANDERSON ¹¹	G. G. WHITE ¹²	J. W. TINSLEY ¹⁰
P. N. ENGLISH ¹³	R. H. THOMAS ¹⁵	J. P. YANCEY ¹⁶	A. M. BLOW ¹⁴
P. WENDEROTH ¹⁷	J. R. GILLIAM ¹⁹	J. C. TALIAFERRO ²⁰	O. C. LLOYD ¹⁸
J. G. PAYNE ²¹	R. D. MILLER ²³	B. F. CROWSON ²¹	C. B. COULBOURN ²¹
P. J. CAFFERY ²⁵	C. C. BROWN ²⁷	H. L. DODSON ²⁸	W. F. BOWE ²⁶



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



Company "A"



Captain

J. M. FRAY

Lieutenants

GENTRY, A

BROOKE



MISS LOUISE D. SHIELDS,
Sponsor

First Sergeant

A. M. OWSLEY

Sergeants

ALEXANDER

POLK

POAGUE, T.

GATES

Corporals

POAGUE, H.

WHITE

THOMAS

LOYD

YANCEY

COULBORN

CAFFERY

Privates

ADAMS, W.

ANDERSON, R.

BAKER

BOND

BROWN, S.

BENTLEY

BRISTER

BUESCHER

BULLOCK

BURDEAU

BOWMAN

CHAMBERS

CLEMMER

DAVANT, C.

DOYLE, H.

DUNBAR

DUNCAN

ELY

HAGENBUSH

HEWSON

HUNTER

JAMES

JONES, A.

JOHNSTON

KANE

KEEN

KRAFT

LENKARD

LEE

LONG

MINTON

MINIS

MCCLURE

NELSON

NOWLIN

PATTISON

PARKER

RANKIN

RICHARDS

ROBINSON

SMITH, H.

SMITH, W.

SINCLAIR

STAPLES

TAIT

TALIAFERRO, E.

THOMAS, N.

WICKHAM

WILSON, T.

WHITE, I.

WHITE, O.

YOUNG

ZOLLMAN



Company "B."

Captain

J. Q. PIERCE

Lieutenants

HANCOCK, E. H.

EDWARDS, R. O.

First Sergeant

JACOBS, H. A.

Sergeants.

PORTER, H. J.

McMILLAN, D. R.

WHEELER, C.

McCLELLAN, R. W.

Corporals

SAUNDERS, R. B.

GARBER, D. M.

GILLIAM, J. R.

AIKEN, S. B.

WENDEROTH, C.

PAYNE, J. G.

Privates.

ADAMS, I.

BALL

DENHAM

BECKER

DOYLE, J.

BILLUPS

EASTHAM, R.

BOOTH, C.

ELDEN

BOYCE

FOLK

BROWN, M.

FERRELL

BURLESON

FRASER

CROCKETT

FUNSTEN

DANIELS

GENTRY, W.

DASHIELL, R.

GEROW

HAGAN

HOWELL

HOLTON

JACKSON

JOHNSTON

MOORE

JONES, L.

NOELL

LINDSEY

PENDLETON, T.

McINTEE

POWELL

McMILLIN, N.

POLLARD

MILLNER

PRETTYMAN

REMBERT

TAYLOR, A.

ROYALL

TAYLOR, J.

SAMS

TRINKLE

SMITH, J.

WARD, B.

SNIDOW

WRIGHT



MISS JOSEPHINE E. HOLMES
Sponsor



Company "C."

Captain
WARD, G. B.
Lieutenants

EARLE, L. H.

First Sergeant
BRETT, G. H.
Sergeants

SCOTT, T. M.
MAYO, D. B.

CARTER, C. H.

RICHARDSON, J. G.
WAGNER, F. W.



Sponsor
MISS MAY D. WARD

Corporals

TINSLEY, J. ANDERSON, J. A.
BROWN, C.

DODSON

TALIAFERRO, J. MILLER, R.
JOHNSON, F. S.

Privates

ADAMS, O.
ANDERSON, M.
BALL, E.
BEAUCHAMP
BLOCK
BOOTH, L.
DRAYTON
DREWRY
EASTHAM, K.
ELLISON, A.
GARDNER
GRANT

CAMP
CASKIE
COLE
DAVISON
DILLARD
DERBY
EMERY
ENGLEMAN
FINCH
GANT, E.
HAMNER
HANCOCK, C.

HARRIS
HAYES
HIRST, V.
HOPKINS
HULL
KEITH

MALONE
McCURDY
MISH
MURPHY
NICHOLS
PEEK

RICHARDSON, E.

KEARNEY
LAWSON
LIND
LIPPER
MASON
MAHONE

REHRMUND
SIVE
SMITH, R. L.
STEVENS, C.
STEVENS, G.
SYDNOR

WILSON WOOLARD



Company "D."

Captain

MASSIE, R. W.

Lieutenants

LEWIS, A. P.

JONES, H. T.

First Sergeant

MAGRUDER

Sergeants

POLLOCK

GANT, R.

GRAMMER

HOBSON

Corporals

BALDINGER

BLOW

BRYANT

CROWSON

MACLEAN, G.

BOWE, W.

ENGLISH, P. X.

Privates

ADAMS, W.

ANDERSON, S.

BIEDLER, P.

BRITTON

CARPENTER

COLLIER

DOWNEY

EARLY

ELLISON

EWING

HOWARD

HUNDLEY

KING

LANIER

MACKALL

MECREDY

MORRISON

MOSELEY

PUGH

RANKINE

RHETT, W.

ROBERTSON

SCHRIVER

SCOTT, J.

WILSON, P.

COLLINS

DAVANT, E. T.

DAVENPORT

DESHAZO

DEVVAULT

DONALDSON

FICKES

HILL

HIRST, J.

HODGE

JENKINS

JOHNSON, C.

JORDAN

NALLE

ORR

PARRISH

PEYTON

POWELL

SMITH

SMYTHE

SNYDER

STEVENSON

THOMPSON

WALKER

WOLFE



MISS MARTHA MASSIE.
Sponsor





“When You Were Near.”



When you were near—Ah, Love, when you were near!
My fondest dreams forever seem to bring
A picture of the days when I was free
To drink in silence, Love, a toast to thee—
Alone with naught to turn the tide of fear,
My thoughts go back to days we held so dear,
Those days when Summer crowned the passing year
With golden dreams for none but you and me,
When you were near.

Swift passions leap, and drown my longings drear,
Fair one—still in my dreams I seem to hear
Your voice beyond an ever restless sea
Of love, which bears to you my silent plea,
Imprinted on the page of romance dear,
When you were near.

A. B. D. '08.



The New Library



EVERY old graduate expects to find improvements when he revisits his *Alma Mater*, but when any of the younger alumni, even those who left after nineteen six, chance to return, they will be more than impressed by the number of changes for the better which have taken place since their connection with the Institute was severed. Most important among these is the new Library, which, situated between the Jackson Memorial Hall and the Commandant's quarters, is the first thing to catch the eye of the visitor approaching along the Avenue.

For years has the need been felt of a suitable building in which the Institutes' valuable books and papers may be stored. The completion and furnishing of the new Library is a source of satisfaction to our alumni and friends. The new building is more in keeping with the character of the school than were the former quarters of the Library in the west wing of barracks.

The style of architecture of the new edifice harmonizes with the plans carried out in the construction of the other Institute buildings. It rises to a height of three stories. Its walls are of red brick, with terra cotta trimmings. In the center of the front of the building is the usual tower, through the base of which is the entrance. Within the tower are the stairways leading to the upper stories.

The first floor is taken up by the reading room, attractively furnished with old English furniture. On this floor are also the offices of the Librarian and the Cadet Librarian. The second floor is occupied by the assembly rooms of the Board of Visitors and several suites for members of the sub-Faculty. On the third floor is the hall of the Cadet Dialectic Society. The tower is high above the rest of the building and from its lofty turrets can be had a splendid view of the surrounding country.



THE NEW LIBRARY.

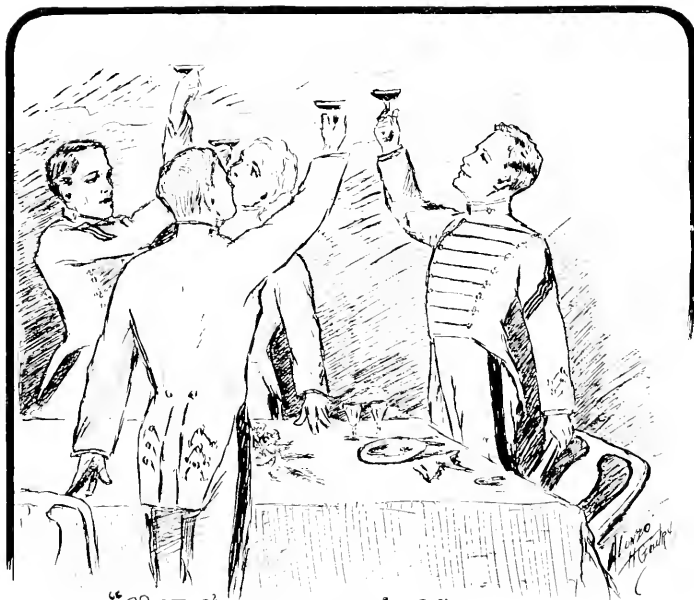


The books are kept in the stack-rooms, which are located in an annex in the rear of the Library building proper. Easy and convenient access to the shelves is given, however, by a broad passage running between the offices of the Librarians. In the annex, everything is of fireproof material, even the floors are of translucent glass. It is four stories high, and in it can be kept 60,000 volumes.

The V. M. I. Library is absolutely safe from destruction by fire as the annex is fireproof, and its only connection with the main building, the passageway on the first floor, is rendered impassable to that element by simple but effective apparatus.

The new Library presents a most attractive appearance, internally as well as externally. It is well adapted to take its place among those buildings which have been fittingly styled as "the finest collection of its kind in the United States."





"HERE'S TO OLD '08"



First Class Banquet



"So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more."

SIMILAR to the progress and final execution of every important event, the successive steps taken to carry out this affair were respectively proposals, class meeting, appointment of committee, approved permit and lastly, realization or execution.

The night of December 31, 1907, was, of course, chosen for the time, and the "Boom" Hotel on Castle Hill for the place. The Banquet committee, consisting of Messrs. Rankin, Edwards, and Schmidt had their hands full of such work as menu selections, choice of material and issuing invitations. But they proved equal to the emergency and showed their wisdom by awarding the supper contract to Mr. Palmer, who carried out every detail most creditably.

Everything then being arranged, the chosen time arrived, and at Taps the whole troop of banqueters, consisting of the first class and invited guests, were borne to the scene of joy.

Then it was that the old Hotel resounded with the yells and songs of every description until a little before midnight the doors were opened and when the New Year was announced, nine rabs for '08 were given and a stirring toast drunk to the approaching graduation.

From then on until about three a. m., bedlam ruled with a high hand. Between toasts impromptu speeches, rhymes, etc., the whole audience was astonished, or rather, delighted at such things as imaginary Philadelphia squabs, toasts drunk with vinegar, and many similar witticisms and actions.

Finally the supply of everything, including viands and sense, being exhausted, the banqueters returned to barracks by the same vehicles, a wearier but a happier crowd. Soon everyone was wrapped in the arms of "mother sleep" enjoying a short rest before reveille would call them to the tense duties of their graduation year.



Menu

* * * * *

BLUE POINTS

OLIVES

PIN MONEY PICKLES

SALTED ALMONDS

CELERY

* * * * *

FRIED SCALLOPS, TARTAR SAUCE

POTATOES JULIENNE

* * * * *

ROAST VIRGINIA TURKEY

CRANBERRY SAUCE

POTATOES AU GRATIN

ROMAN PUNCH

* * * * *

BOILED PHILADELPHIA SQUAB ON TOAST

FRENCH PEAS

* * * * *

CHICKEN SALAD

COMPOTE OF FRUIT

NEUCHATEL CHEESE

* * * * *

BRENT'S CRACKERS

COFFEE

CIGARS

CIGARETTES



First Class Toast.



We've drunk to our Alma Mater
'Neath the smiling Southern sky,
We've drunk to our happy school days
While cadets at old V. M. I.
We've toasted each brother "keydet."
We've drunk to each dear class mate,
So last—but not least, drink hearty
To "The Class of Nineteen Eight."



Toasts.



Toastmaster—R. W. MASSIE.

<i>V. M. I.</i>	CAPT. ROLLER
<i>V. M. I. Calic</i>	RANKIN
<i>Athletics</i>	CAPT. RAGLAND
<i>V. M. I. Subs</i>	DEVault
<i>First Class Officers</i>	DASHIELL
<i>Our Class</i>	FRAY
<i>Future of '08</i>	EDWARDS
<i>First Class Privates</i>	LEWIS
<i>Alumni</i>	GENTRY
<i>Ex-Classmates</i>	BIEDLER
<i>"Dips"</i>	DOYLE



1908 Class Ring.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY
J. F. NEWMAN,
OF NEW YORK.



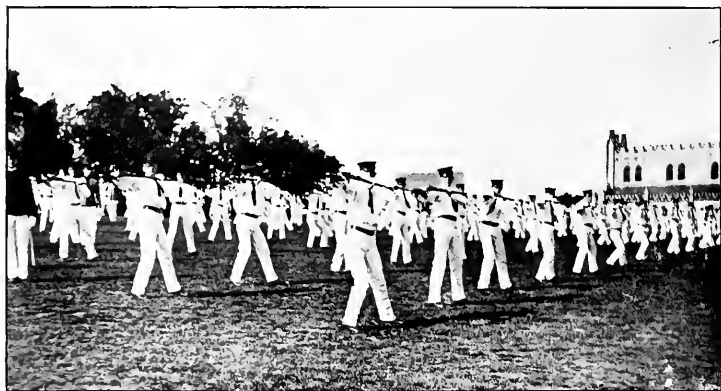
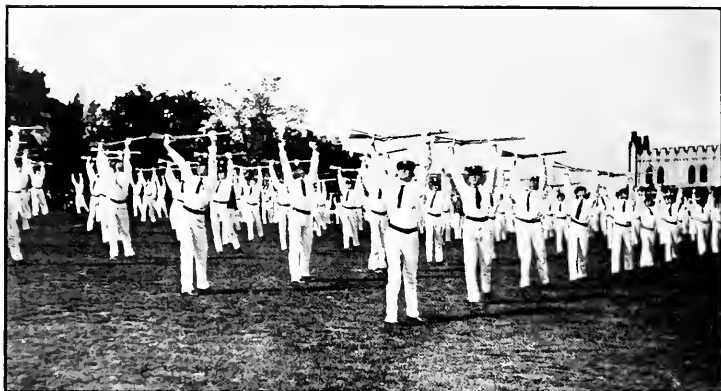
The Charge of the Corps at New Market.



They marched out to defend the struggling South,
They marched up to the cannon's mouth;
They knew full well the blast of war,
But faltered not, although they saw
Their comrades fall on every side,
And thoughts of death from none could hide;
They marched into the mouth of hell,
And many gallant heroes fell
No more to see the morning's sun;
But did that stop this matchless Corps?
Stop! Yes, when the enemy no more
Dared fight—mere boys had warred and won.

Many brave deeds were done in those days,
Deeds unknown and unpraised;
There were those who went down to death
With prayers upon their dying breath;
There were those who lay dying upon the sod
Who had uttered no prayer to their God;
Yes, there were deeds brave and grand
Done throughout this stricken land;
But none greater through countless wars
Than that of those youths
Who, with great courage infused,
Fought and died for their country's cause.

A. R. D. '07.



SPRING TONIC BUTT'S MANUAL ON THE HILL



Alma Mater.



WITH a grim chuckle, he drew his scant change from his pocket and counted it with a silent prayer. He retained his sense of humor, however, and after a final, fruitless search for a coin that might possibly have escaped his notice, whistled merrily, and reflected that he had come to that last stage where a man has only himself, his primal strength of mind and body, between life and death. The humor of the situation struck him more forcibly as his thoughts carried him back a short four months to the last days of Finals. What hope and pride had been his as he received his 'dip,' from the honored Superintendent's hands, amid the applause of his school-mates and friends! He could hear the last stern "'Dismissed!'", after the last "'Auld Lang Syne.'" His eyes dimmed as he thought of the parting from his room-mates. Then, so sure and confident of success, glad to be one of the citizens of the world again, and never doubting the service his diploma would be to him in getting a position. Now if he could but be one of the gray clad battalion again, sure of a night's rest and three good meals a day at least. In the great northern city to which he had come sixty days before, he had found a strange aloofness and coldness, so foreign to his southern ideas of hospitality and courtesy.

He had resolved not to ask for help from home and had started out self-reliant and vigorous on his search for a position. At the first place he tried he found a dozen other applicants, men from Boston Tech., Cornell, and Harvard; his diploma lost its weight as the sober business man questioned him on his college and with an unrecognizing air told him to stand aside. He next sought employment at the shops of a man who stood at the head of his profession. To his astonishment, he was informed that his college requirements were not sufficient. And so it went; he saw puny men with diplomas of great schools receive positions ahead of him. It did not matter, apparently what a man was, just so he had a long line of degrees. Well, he would start in at manual labor the next day as his cash was low and living expenses high in the city. God! if he were back at the old Institute.



Just about time for B. P. With a shrug of the shoulders at fate, he called a newsboy and hurriedly scanned the advertisements for engineering positions. Noting an address he made up his mind to try once more.

Early the next morning, he was on his way to the place. The office was situated on one side of the extensive shops, where he paused a moment to take in the scene of orderly activity. As he stood looking over the works, he saw a slight confusion among a gang of men working at a great crane. The chain and grapple had slipped and everything was in a turmoil. With his trained mechanical mind, he noticed at once the mistake and saw the remedy. The foreman seemed to have lost control of his men. Clay, his hesitancy overcome by his excitement, ran down to the men and at once seemed to take command. With a few sharp, clear-cut orders—the men obeying instinctively, recognizing as they did one used to command—he proceeded to take charge. Placing himself at the critical point and telling off men at the different levers, he gave the command. As the massive machinery creaked and started, he quickly made the desired connection and held on for a moment to give the hook time to catch. The strain on his shoulder was frightful; but to a young man who had galloped through the second half of a foot-ball game with a sprained ankle and made a forty yard run to a touch-down in the last three minutes of play, it was no new thing to fight grimly against pain. At last the grapple hung and the beam rose in the right position. Then, with a final word of caution to the men, he dropped back. A burst of applause now fell on his ears; looking around, he saw a group of officials cheering, who evidently drawn by the confusion, had watched the whole performance. With a feeling that he had over reached himself, Clay drew on his coat and turned to go, despairing of a successful interview. But out of the group of officials, there stepped a stern looking man, who called to him.

"Young man," said he, "a moment please."

Clay turned and waited.

"You assumed charge of my workmen and commanded like one used to such work. Are you an experienced engineer?"

Clay blushed at the implied compliment, and stammered a negative reply.

"What! do you mean to say you are not an engineer?" the man asked. "Where



hen, did you get the bearing and ability of command that made my men recognize a leader?"

Then in a flash a thought came to Clay's mind. Straightening himself, he proudly replied, "Sir, I am a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute; that school makes men if nothing else."

His year of subordination, and gradual assumption of command over others had stood him in good stead in his moment of need.

"What, a V. M. I. graduate!" cried the man, seizing Clay excitedly by the hand. "Why my young man, I was graduated there just thirty years ago, myself. Come into my office; we need men like you."

Seated in the office Clay was kept busy answering the man's eager questions about his Alma Mater. The old engineer had not found many men from there, and his work had prevented his return; nevertheless his love for the Institute had but deepened with the years. Clay thought he had himself loved the old place; but he stood rebuked before such an admiration as this must be. And now the man was speaking to him.

"Come with us, my boy, I will vouch for an Institute man. Our shops are nearly inaccessible to young, untried engineers so high are our wages; but after the exhibition to-day of what the Institute gives to a man, I have no fear of your success."

Clay accepted at once, smiling as he thought of his diploma unshown; and he thanked God that he, too, was one of the privileged few that bear the honored title of a graduate of V. M. I.

W. T. B., '08.





Mid-Year Hops



November 29-30. Thanksgiving Hops.

January 5-6. New Year's Hops.

February 22. Washington's Birthday Hops.

April 24-25. Easter German and Hop.





THE "GUARD MOUNT" CALIC



Current Events.



Lecture for the "Civil Men,"
Never yet.
"Lonnie's" bluff is at an end,
Never yet.
"Paleface" Fickes runs no more,
"Wick" goes to rev, through 9-b's door,
Guardroom soon will have a floor,
Never yet.

"Connection" now shines no more shoes,
Never yet.
This week's *Cadet* is full of news,
Never yet.
"Monk" fails to come at eight o'clock,
All drinks at Dold's on "Oggy" Bloch,
The stoops are strong as solid rock,
Never yet.

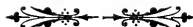
"Mam" has joined the T. T. K's,
Never yet.
Boning has become a craze,
Never yet.
Biedler plays the mandolin,
"Perey" Hewson loves to sin,
Verboseness is seen in "Pin,"
Never yet.

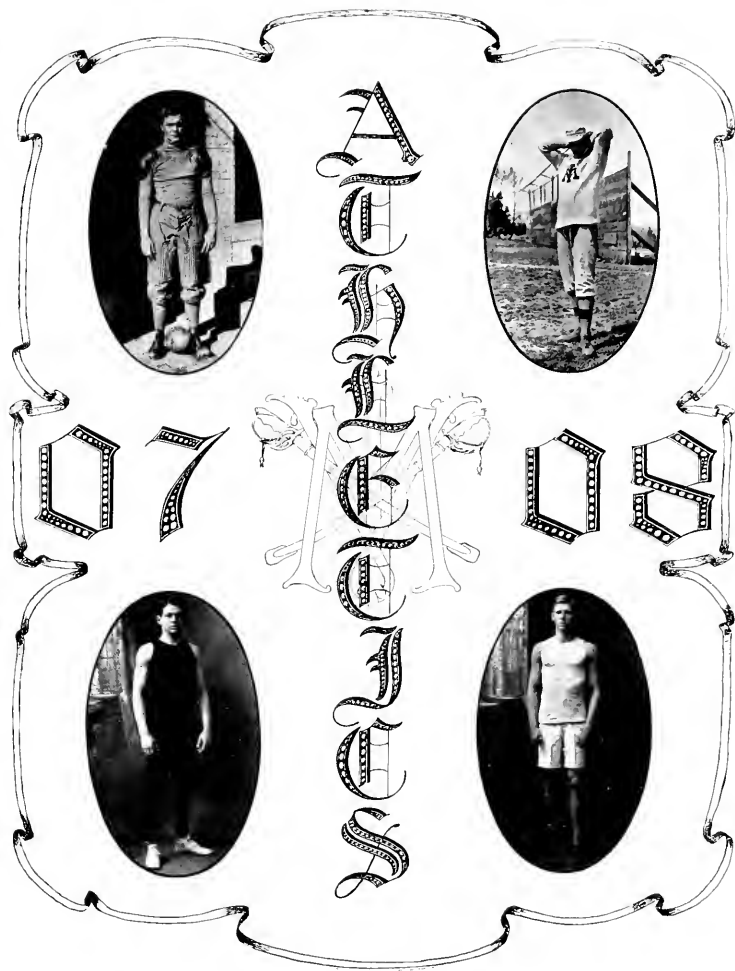


"Vagabond" now wears a collar,
Never yet,
"Bev," DeVault's bank has won a dollar,
Never yet,
"Old Nick" will never "gumption" lack,
"B" Company's sword's declined by "Quack,"
"Sweet" will soon get his cape back,
Never yet.

Our faculty is on the go,
Never yet,
The tower clock is always slow,
Never yet,
Mess Hall food could not be better,
"Mick" always hates to get a letter,
Parade ground constantly grows wetter,
Never yet.

The "Buzzards" all will get their dips,
Never yet,
"Monk's Magnets" take too many trips,
Never yet,
And as the end is drawing nigh,
I hear each man in '08 sigh,
"Lord! How I love the V. M. P!"
Never yet.







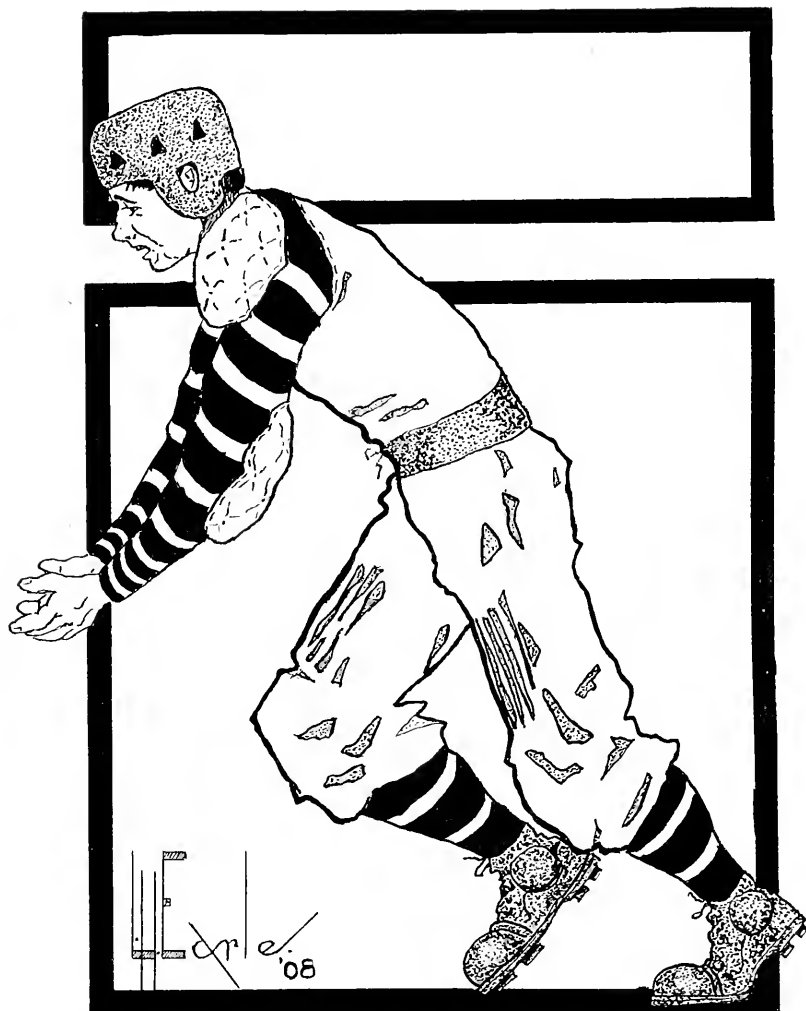
Athletics '07 and '08.



NOT since the year of 1901 have better records been made by the various teams, than in the one past. The season of '07-'08 has been marked by a united, concentrated enthusiasm, which always makes for success. Athletics at V. M. I. probably labor under greater difficulties than at any other institution of learning in the country. The innovation of a recreation hour last fall from 3:30 to 4:30 P. M. gave a much needed period to football; but compare this meagre time to the long evenings allowed other teams, and our results appear truly wonderful. Baseball is face to face with the same difficulty, the men cannot get out together at the same time for practice. Since these obstacles are recognized and acknowledged by all, then every one must credit the well nigh remarkable scores to the enthusiasm, persistency, and grit of the individual players.

The support given its teams by the Corps is an axiom throughout the South, and its absolute truth was demonstrated time and time again last fall by the hearty and loyal aid given the football team. In glorious victory or bitter defeat, the same steadfast backing either cheered and praised, or encouraged them to renewed efforts. The organized "rooting" under Mr. Conrad Johnson greatly increased the effect and no doubt often aided the team's efforts.

Viewing the year as a whole, it has been a most successful one, not only in point of scores, but also because of the deep, wholewilled appreciation of the Corps of its team's work. With this feeling in barracks, V. M. I. will always have a representative team that will make the "rooters" glow with pride and bring renown to the Corps of Cadets.





Football.



THE football season of 1907 is a record of hard won victories and ill-fated defeats. All the games were won except three, which the "hoodoo" that hovers games played away from home, gave to our opponents. The Virginia game was lost by the narrow margin of 18 to 17, and the Davidson game by 10 to 6. Both these games were deservedly ours as impartial critics admit that in both cases V. M. I. clearly and cleanly outplayed the opposing teams. The V. P. I. game was lost by a combination of over-training and over-confidence. The victories are too numerous to mention including those by large scores over teams that played the large Northern universities tie games.

The season started off with very few of the old team back, but Capt. Roller, '01, assisted by Capt. Pyle and W. L. Riley, '07, rapidly whipped a varsity into shape, that was conceded to be the best offensive team in the South Atlantic States. Two of our men were selected as representatives on the all-South Atlantic team; Massie, captain of the team, as L. H. B. and Pogue, left end, as sub. end. While all due credit must be given to the varsity for their splendid work yet the "scrubs" should not be forgotten. None deserve more honor than they, the unrecognized, unrewarded men, without whose unselfish help the varsity could never have been matured.



MR. ROLLER, COACH



Football Team. '07



MASSIE, *Captain*

DONNAN, *Manager*

JACOBS, *Assistant Manager*

M. C. S. ROLLER, '01, *Coach*

Left End, POAGUE, T.

Right End, WARD

Left Tackle, FRAY

Right Tackle, BIEDLER

Left Guard, DUNBAR

Right Guard, WICKHAM

Center, HANCOCK

Quarter, DOYLE

Full, MACLEAN

Right Half, PORTER

Left Half, MASSIE

Substitutes

POAGUE, H.

ALEXANDER

DAVANT, R.

PATTISON

MINTON



THE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1907.





"PAT" KREBS, COACH



Base Ball.



THE baseball team of 1908 is yet in an unfinished state and only hazards can be made as to the future. But with Krebs as coach, who made so fine a record last year, the season seems reasonably sure. Only two men were lost, Byrd, catcher, and Sebrell, third base. Both of these positions have several contestants. Beauchamp, a fourth classman, has made good at the former position, and Young of last year's scrubs is now filling third very creditably.

Last year was particularly successful, many large teams being met. V. P. I. was defeated as usual. The Navy and Davidson games were lost by small margins. The pitching of DeVault, captain 1908, is very noteworthy. He is considered by many, the best college pitcher in the South. Doyle, at second, is a sure man, and fielded his position well. Grammar at shortstop is a perfect fielder and is showing up well at the bat; Pollock's work in centerfield is attracting much attention. At last, it may be said that V. M. I. is as well represented in baseball as in football. Good work has been done the past two years and this season should show many victories to the team's credit.



THE BASE BALL TEAM, 1908.



Baseball Team. '08



DeVault, *Captain*

WARD, *Manager*

McMILLAN, *Assistant Manager*

KREBS, *Manhattan College, Coach*

BEAUCHAMP, *Catcher*

DeVault, *Pitcher*

MASSIE, *First Base*

DOYLE, *Second Base*

YOUNG, *Third Base*

GRAMMAR, *Shortstop*

SCOTT, *Left Field*

POLLOCK, *Center Field*

DONNAN, *Right Field*

Substitutes

CLEMMER

TALIAFERRO, E.

SAUNDERS

MACLEAN



A & M GAME



BLEACHERS



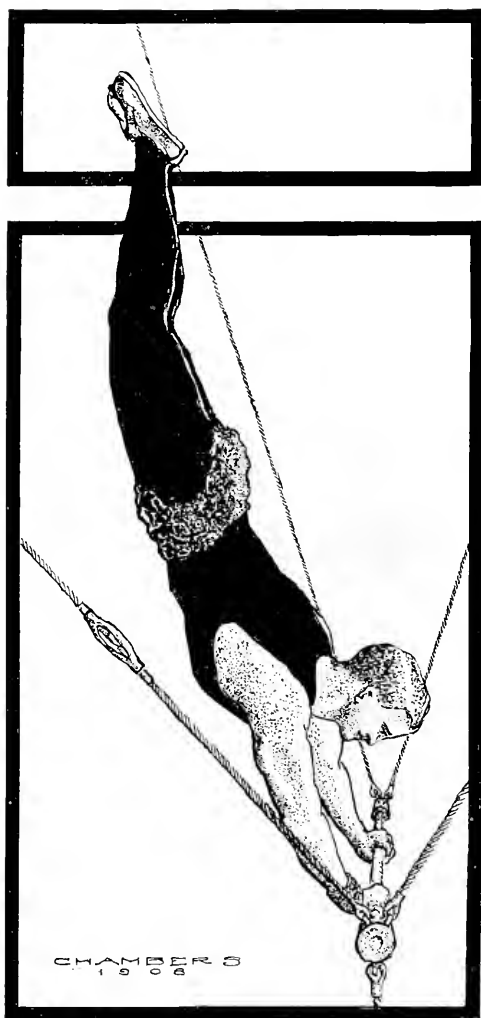
ST. JOHNS GAME



SAFE



A HIT





Interior Athletics

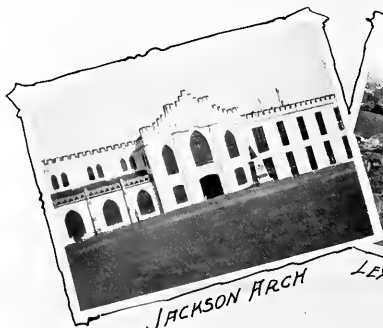


THE interior athletics have prospered much this year due to the careful and efficient tutorage of Capt. Pyle. Each year at Finals a gym. exhibit is given. Adams, I., captain of the gym. team, is a particularly good athlete while Hirst, Buracker, Alexander, and Richardson are close seconds. Boxing and fencing are practiced by a good many cadets, though not taught here.

The track team has indoor practice during the winter and it is particularly lamentable that meets have not been arranged with other colleges, as there are many fine athletes in the Corps. The team suffered a great loss in the withdrawal of Wiltshire, but McLean, Porter, and Moseley are doing good work. It is to be hoped that the near future will see a great improvement in the interest taken in this form of athletics here, as it is yearly receiving more and more attention in the northern collegiate world.



THE GYMNASIUM TEAM, 1908.



JACKSON ARCH



LEXINGTON FROM TOWERS



OLD LABORATORY



PENALTY TOURS

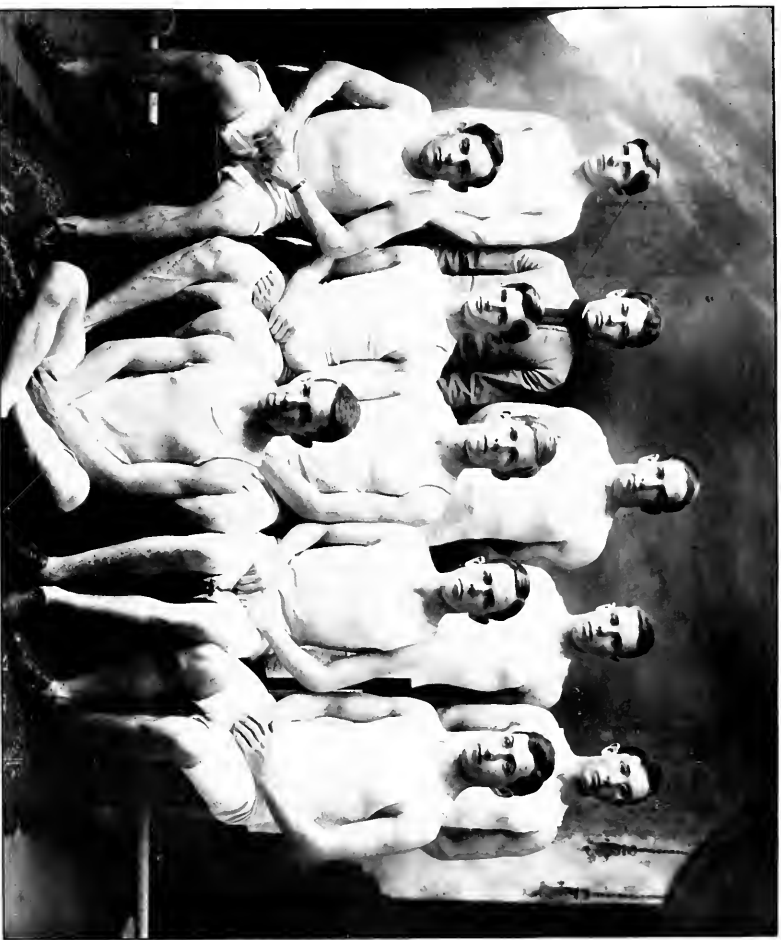




The Williamson Graham Cup.



THE INSTITUTE has been very fortunate in being the recipient of a cup to be bestowed annually on the best all 'round athlete in school. This cup is presented by Mr. Graham, of Lexington, Va., as a memorial to his son, Williamson Graham, who died the summer before he was to enter the Institute. It is known as the Williamson Graham Cup and takes the form of a silver loving cup, beautifully engraved. It is presented to the best all 'round athlete, chosen by a committee appointed by the General Athletic Association. The presentation takes place each Finals. Massie, '08, received the cup for the year 1906-07, as being the best all 'round man, in foot ball, base ball, and gymnasium. The cup is set on an ebony stand and is engraved with the winner's name; the frosting and figures on it are very pretty and make it a trophy well worth having.



THE TRACK TEAM, 1908

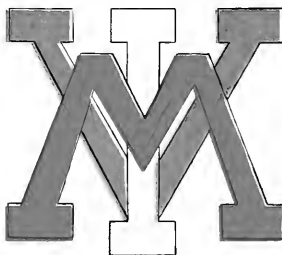


Wearers of Monograms



Football

HANCOCK, '08
WICKHAM, '08
ALEXANDER, '09
MACLEAN, '10
DOYLE, J., '08
WARD, '08
BIEDLER, '08



FRAY, '08
POAGUE, T., '09
MASSIE, '08
DUNBAR, '08
POAGUE, H., '10
FORTER, '09

Baseball

BYRD, '08

DOYLE, J., '08

SEABRELL, '07

DONNAN, '08

DEV'AULT, '08

SCOTT, T., '09

GRAMMAR, '09

ADAMS, H., '07

MASSIE, '08

POLLOCK, '09



Yells



Rah! Rah! Rah! Vir—gin—ia
Military Institute Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Hoo! Ri! Rah! Hoo! Ri!
Ri! Ri! V. M. I.

Oski Wow! Wow! Skinny Wow! Wow!
V. M. I. V. M. I. Wow.

Hullaballo Rah! Rah!
Hullaballo Rah! Rah!
Who! Rah! Who! Rah!
V. M. I. Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Brown, Brown, Brown.

Rah! Rah! V. M. I.
Rah! Rah! V. M. I.
Rah! Rah! V. M. I.
V.—M.—I.

Hoo! Rah! Hoo! RAH! HOO! RAH!
V. M. I.! V. M. I.! V. M. I.



Songs.



(Tune: Down Where the Wurzburger Flows.)

Take it down by down, now Cadets, till you win that goal,
We are with you, men, with all our heart and soul,
We love each who works for the dear Institute,
As he risks life and limb in his tri-colored suit;
So strive not for fame, but to uphold the name
And glory of old V. M. I.

Hike It: V. M. I.

(Tune: Chorus of, Laid Away a Suit of Gray.)

Old V. M. I. is out to die or win where'er she goes.
She'll forge her way at every play toward the goal-post of her foes;
She'll show her grit and never quit 'till in the dust she lies;
She will show them all how to play foot-ball—
Now "Hike it, V. M. I."

Red, White and Yellow.

(Tune: Long Metre Doxology.)

Red, white, and yellow floats on high,
The Institute must never die,
So now Cadets with one voice cry;
God bless our team and V. M. I.
A-men!

Our Director.

Hard luck on our opponents,
They'll never score;
Now through their line
We'll break once more,
Then down the field we'll hike it;
Forward V. M. I!
So all together raise
Our colors on high,



Dictionary of V. M. J. Slang

BAT, v.	Comes from its meaning in the national game where a player who knocks the ball way up "bats". Hence it means to make a good standing.	CITS (SITS), n	1. Those who can do so when they do not want to do otherwise. 2. Clothes which are not made by the Charlottesville Woolen Mills.
BEAM, n.	1. A comprehensive term for any one stationed here by Uncle Sam to preserve discipline. 2. The Commandant.	C. O., n.	See "Beam".
BONE, v.	1. Reference to something hard. To study with a "comprehensive view." 2. To report a person.	DATE, n.	1. A fruit—not easily plucked by cadets. Is usually associated with a peach. Harvest generally gathered Saturday night. 2. An engagement.
BOOTLICK, v.	To curry favor by smooth and unwarranted means.	DECK, n.	1. A grudge. 2. First chance on something.
BUCK, v.	May have been reduced from "buckle" which is something on a strap. It carries with it the idea of condemnation, humiliation and persuasion.	DIP, n.	1. A plunge; an immersion; a baptism. 2. Diploma.
BULL, n.	1. An animal with a thick skull. 2. Hence, any one who has a similar affliction.	DYKE, n.	1. A cross between a straight jacket and asphyxiation. 2. The frills of a full dress uniform.
BUST, v.	1. To cause one who has had aspirations to feel like a pricked soap-bubble. 2. To reduce to ranks.	DRAG, n.	1. A stand-in. 2. A second hand whiff from a cigarette.
BUZZARD, n.	1. One who is low in standing. 2. A rat who has no permanent mess.	DUMP, v.	1. To cause victuals to change dishes; often heard in the mess-hall. 2. To throw one out of the hay.
CALIC, n.	1. From calico—a kind of cloth. 2. A migratory specie seen in Lexington on hop dates and Finals, dangerous to approach. 3. A young lady.	FIN, v.	Vulgarily, refers to fish but in best society, to the hands. Hence the attitude of stiff propriety borne by new cadets.
CHEEK, n.	1. An idiosyncrasy usually belonging to a rat who has been captain of the high school cadets and who won a medal for oratory. 2. Self importance and its resulting conspicuousness.	GIM, n.	1. One who prescribes, rides, handles knives, or gikes. 2. The surgeon.
		GYM, n.	An expensive substitute for a bath tub and a wood pile.
		GROWLEY, n.	1. From verb to growl, whence something odious to the senses. 2. A mess-hall concoction.



HAY, <i>n.</i>	1. Something partaken of, to a large degree, by all creatures of brute nature. 2. A V. M. I substitute for an antiseptic Ostermoor.		
HAZE, <i>v.</i>	Ref. V. M. I. Regulations Par. 121.	RUN, <i>v.</i>	2. To fake the "gim" or be excused by the Surgeon. 1. To move fast to get at something. 2. One who wants to be it runs. 3. A corp. who bones over six men late at one formation is running.
HILL, (THE) <i>n.</i>	1. A portion of Virginian topography discovered in 1839 and since utilized by various Tantal as a recreation field for bands of prisoners. 2. The parade ground.	REV. <i>n.</i>	1. A doleful requiem invented in the days of the Inquisition to cause tortured prisoners to sit up and take notice. 2. Reveille.
HORSE, <i>v.</i>	1. The emblem of war. 2. That which inspires fighting spirit. 3. Hence, to laugh at.	ROLL, <i>v.</i>	1. A verb hard to define. c. g. A rat who walks an hour and a half after taps is being <i>rolled</i> , somewhat.
LIEU (LOO), <i>n.</i>	1. Of obscure origin. A provincialism in which final <i>n</i> is dropped for evident reasons. 2. A lieutenant.	SET-UP, <i>n.</i>	1. A combination of cause and effect. 2. Something to eat the cause; to sit up its effect on a cadet. Hence, a spread.
MAKINGS, <i>n.</i>	1. A coffin-nail in the rough. 2. The paper and tobacco for cigarette manufacture.	SLIPPERY, <i>a.</i>	1. Easy to get along. 2. The adjective applicable to most first-class privates, when in barracks.
MAX, <i>n.</i>	1. Diminutive for maximum. 2. Large and inspiring. 3. A 10 made in class-room.	SOUR-BELLIED <i>a.</i>	The feeling similar to that experienced by a cold, tired, hungry, and sleepy cadet going to drill.
MOLLY, <i>n.</i>	(Obsolete) 1. A first-class private with third class habits; one who loves pyrotechnic displays.	STAB, <i>v.</i>	1. To make a — means to hit desperately with a knife, but here it means to hit desperately at a 6. To endeavor to make a proficient mark on a subject.
MOLLY-HOLE, <i>n.</i>	A secret hole where contraband is hidden, anything from gun-powder to Unceda Biscuit.	STROLLER, <i>n.</i>	1. One who strolls. 2. A (penalty) tourist.
NIP, <i>v.</i>	1. To hold or catch. 2. To be reported absent at a formation.	SUBS, <i>n.</i>	Those who think they never were cadets, who never will be cadets, and consequently haven't any pity.
O. C., <i>n.</i>	1. Abbreviation for Objectionable Category. 2. The Officer in Charge.	SUTLERS, <i>n.</i>	The place where all cadets can shout when they have money to do same.
O. D., <i>n.</i>	1. Means One Daily. 2. The Officer of the Day.	TICK, <i>n.</i>	One thing seldom got at the sutler's. Can be gotten in large quantities in town, where cadets are not so well known.
RAT, <i>n.</i>	1. One who performs menial tasks. 2. A member of the fourth-class.		
RIDE, <i>v.</i>	1. To be borne either by a horse, buzz-wagon or road-scraper.		



"OL' MAN MOORE."



Ol' Man Moore



OUR faithful old "pal" from whose varied career the following few incidents and anecdotes have been taken, will soon have lived to see the passing of four score winters. Eighty long years have come and gone, and still he lingers with us. Yet, in spite of his old age and his gradually increasing feebleness, he still possesses a certain constancy and faithfulness that are characteristic of only an old veteran himself. It is these traits that have placed him so high in the esteem of the V. M. I. Cadets.

He was the son of a Rockbridge County farmer, and was born on a small farm near Lexington in 1830. His youth and boyhood were spent on a farm and he received only the education and training to which the farmer lads of those days were accustomed. He entered the Rockbridge Artillery at the beginning of the Civil War, and remained in the service until January, 1864, when he received a furlough on account of sickness. He returned to his home and did not recover until the War was over. His regret at not being able to "stick it out" is best expressed in his own words: "I wish I'd abeen present at Lee's surrender. I'd a fetched along a pair o' mules en one o' them collars with stars on'em too. I'd a been a officer like some o' them other fellows ez wuz there." Since the war he has been living on House Mountain and for a good many years past, the V. M. I. has been his headquarters during fair weather.

Day after day, whenever the weather is not unusually disagreeable, you might see him sitting just inside the main arch with two or three baskets of apples around him on the ground. If it is out of season for apples or if they are very scarce, he generally has peanuts, cakes of home-made maple sugar, or some other edible that the cadets are likely to buy. When asked the price of his apples he generally has about the same reply to make, and it is this: "These is two fer five en them's four fer five. Take either ye want, sonny, they ain't no difference."



On account of the bad weather that has been prevalent for the past month or two, our old friend, or, as he is more generally known among the cadets, "Uncle," has been absent from his post for some time and it leads us to suppose that he, like the rest of us, has gone into winter quarters. I am sure it is the sincere hope of the whole corps that he will soon be back among us.

The great joy in our hero's life lies in the fact that he was in the Civil War, and to tell some of his own experiences, to praise the courage of the Southern soldiers, or to relate any event connected with that great struggle between the States, seems to give him a profound satisfaction and a real pleasure. It is a common occurrence for a crowd of cadets to gather around him and listen to his stories; his account of a battle, a charge, a retreat, a victory, a defeat, or what not, in which he seems to place before the eye the vivid picture of a former event, as he now recalls it.

In all of his accounts he doesn't fail to remind us that he was a driver in the artillery; a position which he considers a most dangerous and conspicuous one. In order to make them more impressive he often exclaims during his narrations:—

"Yes, boys, I wuz a driver, en they allus shoots at the drivers. But I waren't skeert, boys, en whenever we got started across the field with our cannons, let me tell ye, all Hell en damnation couldn't stop us. No sir-ee."

On one occasion he emphasized this still more:—

"My cannon wuz allus ahead. I hed two little small horses, en doggone, but they could fly. Onct I wuz the front driver wi' a eight-horse gun, en of course the front driver hed all the work to do. Well, one day them eight horses got loose, en by golly nothin' couldn't stop 'em. Them other three fellows ez wuz a drivin' couldn't do a darn thing with their'n, but I stopped 'em. It took me to hold 'em'."

Once he gave us the following brief description of a battle:—

"The Cap'n told us one day ez we wuz goin' to hev a battle the next day. I didn't never like to see my company go to battle en me not go with 'em. We fit hard fer four days en on the fifth day I got sick. I wuz sick ez blazes, too. I wanted to keep on goin' with my comp'ny, but the cap'n en the doctor said 'No'. I told 'em ez I wuz agoin' anyway en I went, too. That evenin' they sent me on a dangerous journey, me en my horse alone. Goin' erlong the road I got sick agin-



Great snakes! I never did feel sech a sickness before. I got off my horse en tied him alongside the road. I used my knapsack ez a pillar en went to sleep in a ditch. Nex' mornin' when I woke up there wuz two dead Yankees alyin' beside me. How they ever got there is more'n I kin tell. Sonny, ye know cz some folks gits skeert when they gits close to ded people, but them two Yankees didn't skeer me a darn bit. I wuz feelin' better then so I got up en hurried on my journey en ketched up with my comp'ny thet day. We had ernother battle in the afternoon, but my stomick feels kind o' empty now, boys, so I'll hev to tell ye about thet one later."

He would often spend hours in giving such accounts as these; many in much greater detail, but all with such a vividness that it cannot well be imitated. To one who has not heard him, an imitation in writing will hardly be interesting, although it may give some idea of how an old Confederate soldier likes to recall and relate long past deeds of valor, which otherwise might have been entirely forgotten and lost to those of the present generation, who are interested in them.

With all due respect to the late Major L. H. Strother, U. S. A., who for several years was our beloved and esteemed Commandant, and to whose interest in the men and school is partly due the position which the V. M. I. now holds, I am prone to relate a little incident as it was told to me, which occurred here a few years ago. The participants were Col. Strother, who was Commandant of Cadets here at the time, and our old friend the "Apple-man." One day both were turning a corner of barracks, one going in one direction and one in the other. Incidentally they turned at the same moment and ran into each other, Maj. Strother being knocked down. "Uncle's" politeness was on hand and he apologized by saying:

"Colonel, I cert'ny begs yer pardon. I spose it wuz all a fault o' mine, but I know ye won't think nuthin' uv it".

The Colonel replied: "That's all right about begging my pardon, but look here, Mr. Moore; it is due only to the good will of the Institute that you are allowed to stay around here, so you must keep out of the way hereafter."

"Very well then, Colonel; go to H—I, d—n ye!"

During the struggle between the states, "Uncle" was a member of the "Stonewall Brigade," and to him that was the grandest and bravest body of men that



ever gathered together on the battlefield. He was once telling of the Northern "Bucktails" trying to capture some guns from the "Stonewall Brigade":—

"Them 'Bucktails' worked terrible to kepture our guns but they wuzn't nothin' doin'. Time en agin they attacked us, but we fit like demons, en the Devils in Hell couldn't o' took them guns. We didn't go there to give our guns away 'en we didn't do ut nuther. Afore the day wuz over, we turned on 'em en licked 'em like fury. We got they 'Bucktails' en they guns too. Yes, boys, thet wuz a great battle en I wuz the front driver of a big gun. In one charge what we made agin them 'Bucktails' we hed to drive our cannons over a hill ez steep ez thet one yonder. 'At wuz a fearful slope, en the gun which I wuz adrivin' wuz about the only one ez didn't tumble over."

Turning aside from his experiences during the war, I shall endeavor to relate one as I heard it, which occurred sometime after the war was over. Once, surrounded by a group of cadets, he was asked if he had been much of a fighter in his younger days.

"Much of a fighter!" he exclaimed. "Why, by golly, when I wuz young I wuz one o' the best fighters in Rockbridge County, I wuz. I ain't never been whipped but onct in my life en then I whipped the man what whipped me. Lemme tell ye about it, boys. It wuz this away:—I wuz purty wild when I'se young, en onct in er while I uster drink more'n I could carry sometimes. Well, one day I wuz in Lexington en I hed drank a little more'n wuz good fer me, so so nachully I wuz feelin' purty good. Fer some reason ernother I got in er scrap with er fellow ez claimed he wuz a gooder scrapper'n I wuz. My! but we fit, en fit, en fit, till both uv us fell over in er ditch alongside the road, near about ded, en still we fit. At last some one happened erlong the road en pulled us apart jest before we wuz both ded. Thet wuz the worst fit ever I fit, en I sure thought I wuz er goner. Boys, it pays never to git skeert, en when ye fit, fit fer all you is wuth. Thet's the way I allus did."

Going back to his war experiences, here is one he likes to tell because there was a woman in the case:—

"Our cavalry hed jest cut Bank's army in two en wuz follerin' 'em up when I spied er Yankee woman on the other side. Jest before our cavalry got to her,



she turned en shot one uv our men with her pistol right here under the yere. I turned to my Cap'n en I sez, sez I; 'Cap'n, ef I wuz thet second man yonder, I'd shoot thet woman before she takes ernother step.' A little later on we kaptured her, en boys, she fit like a demon. She wuz er reg'lar she-devil, but she wuz er purty critter; eyes en hair ez black ez coal, en rosy cheeks; but thet didn't make no difference with me. I'd shure like to shot her. Ef I wuz in thet second man's place I'd a done it ef I'd a hung fer it the next minute. Yes, I would."

One day the following question was asked him:—

"Uncle, were you in the Battle of New Market when the V. M. I. cadets came up?"

"No, son; I wuz below Richmond et the time, but you boys did cert'n'y fit thet day. They say ez ef it hedn't abeen fer you the Yankees would a broke up the whole Rockbridge Militia. They wuzn't more'n about two hundred o' you boys, but you put a darn big hole in them fellows. I've allus wisht I could a been there.

When asked whether he was in the Battle of Bull Run he replied:—"No; I wuz there et the time, but the Gen'l wouldn't let us volunteers go in then. We hed jest entered. They wuz twenty-nine uv us ez entered together, en when we drewed our first rations, thet wuz the first time ever I et a cracker. After the battle we all crossed over the battle-field, en man sir, them ded Yankees wuz ez thick ez yer fingers crossed alayin' on the top o' each other. Our loss wuz purty heavy too, but it wuzn't nothin' to theirn."

In his dealings with the cadets the old man is always fair and square, but he never likes to see any one try to get the best of him. The following conversation was told me by one of the participants:—

"Uncle, how much are your apples?"

"Well, sonny, these is two fer five en them's four fer five; take either ye want; they ain't no difference."

"Give me a dime's worth of those big ones. But, Uncle, I havn't got anything less than a five-dollar bill. Can you change that?"

"Yes, I kin change it. Gin it to me."

After counting out four dollars and ninety cents carefully and giving it to the



cadet, he started to put the bill in his pocket book when he noticed that it was slightly torn.

"Eh! eh!" he said, "'At ain't no good, 'at's tored. Gimme my money back."

To complete my sketch I shall give the last story that I heard him tell. He had been asked whether he had ever been wounded in battle.

"Wounded! Well I should say I wuz. I wuz wounded three times en carried off'n the battle field twict. I come near to bein' killed onct, but I saved myself. Ez I sed before, I wuz the front driver uv a eight-horse gun. Well, one day one of them other fellows axed the Cap'n to let him be the frent driver that day, en the Cap'n said he could do it. Thet driver wuz nothin' but a d—ned old coward en I knowed it, but I didn't say nothin' to the Cap'n. He let them horses run into a ditch en I hed to git off en take them out agin. Onct durin' the battle the firin' wuz fearful heavy. One time I seen a ball comin' en it streck the ground jest ahead uv us en went br—r—r—r—r—right in amongst us. I seen it a-comin' en I jumped for'ard in my saddle. It cut off my coat tail right about here, en ef I hedn't jumped, it would a cut me in two. The shell busted jest after it passed by me en killed thet feller ez took my place. It served him right en I'm darn glad it wuz him instead uv me. Yes, I wuz."

If time and space permitted, an almost unlimited supply of such narrations as these could be given, but I shall not impose any further upon the good nature of the reader with feeble attempts at imitation. Suffice it to say, an hour's conversation with the "Ol' Man", especially when dealing with historical facts, could indeed be considered well spent.

C. S. C. '08.





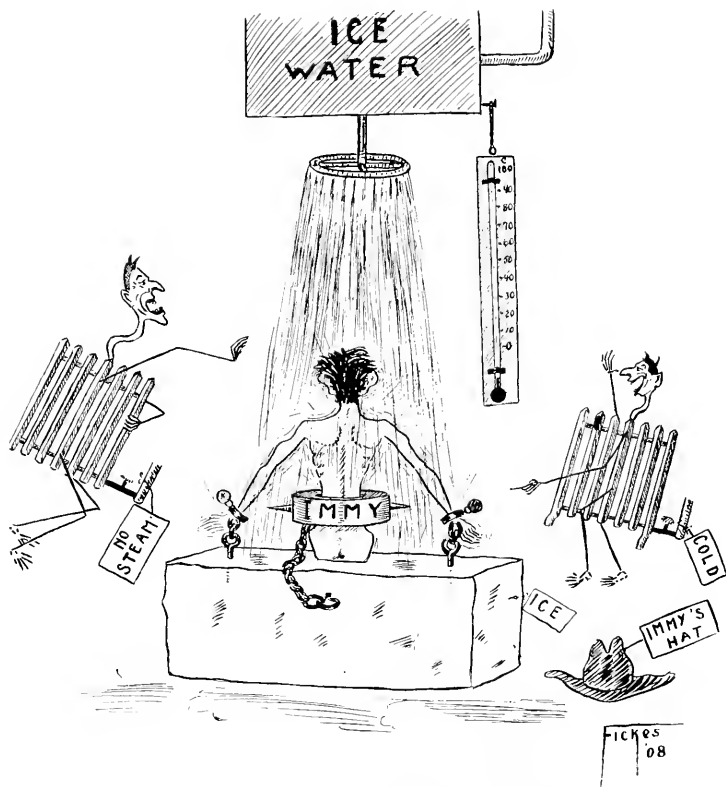
Del. Feb. 30. 1908.

✱

Adams, I.	Falling in D. R. C. with gun.
Anderson, R.	Brush on table N. I.
Anderson, S.	Creating disturbance at mess.
Biedler, W.	Falling out S. M. I.
Bloch	Satchel on back D. R. C.
Bond	No collar B. R. C.
Brooke	Abs. N. I. rep. visiting in limits.
Brown, S.	Walking on near squad at skirmish drill.
Carter	Wearing short trousers at drill.
Chambers	Late at rev.
Dashiell, R.	Abuse of hop permit.
DeShazo	Going through B. M. imp.
DeVault	Smell of Coco Cola in room 12:30 p .m.
Donnan	Pin in shako B. P.
Doyle, J.	Asleep on post.
Drewry	Swinging arms imp. D. R. C.
Dunbar	Allowing only three men in rear rk. of squad at B. P.
Earle	Spade in cartridge box G. M.
Edwards	Hair imp. cut at S. E. I.
Engleman	Water-melon in possession.
Ferrell	Attempting to wear chevrons without authority.
Fickes	Abs. at taps and rep. vis. at Gd. Tree.
Fray	Asleep in section-room.
Gentry	Losing head at drill.
Grant	Talking back to file-closer.
Hancock, E.	Swinging self imp. in section.



Hewson	Chain in room M. I.
Hirst	Abs. from B. P. rep. detained
Howell	Taking provisions from M. H.
Hunter	Hair out of regulation.
Jarvis	Creating disorder in section-room by moving feet.
Johnson, C.	Taking duty while at sutler's.
Jones, H.	Abs. S. R. C. rep. visiting in limits.
Lewis	Not bringing out reports while act. file-closer.
Malone	Giving away articles of uniform.
McCurdy	Entering bks. without blouse 9.31 p. m.
Peek	Unmilitary conduct in church.
Pendleton	Moving ears in ranks at B. R. C.
Pierce	Attempting to sing during call to quarters.
Rankin	Not instructing O. G's. properly at G. M.
Schmidt	Playing on instrument while corps was at drill.
Schultz	Drilling old guard.
Scott	Pine board in room S. M. I.
Smith, R.	Chinese snuff-box in possession M. I.
Taliaferro, E.	Loud squalling in room 10.53 p. m.
Ward	Not posting sentinels properly.
Wickham	Abs. from military duty after Novem- ber 28.
Wolfe	Vis. in officer's quarters after taps.



CADET'S CONCEPTION OF IMMY'S HEREAFTER.



VOL. I

THE CADET

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE. JUNE 25, 1908



NO. 38

THE CADET STAFF

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THE "CADET" is a pioneer attempt at weekly journalism at the Institute. It was designed with a twofold purpose; in the first place to bring the Alumni into closer touch with the Institute, and secondly, to aid athletics, all the proceeds being handed over to the Athletic Association. It has been the aim throughout the year to furnish Institute news, such as accounts of football and baseball games, changes in drills, hops, entertainments, etc. This branch is primarily for the benefit of the Alumni. Early in the year it was found that about the most entertaining reading for the cadets was news of the Alumni, and thus we have the circle, cadet for Alumni, Alumni for cadet.

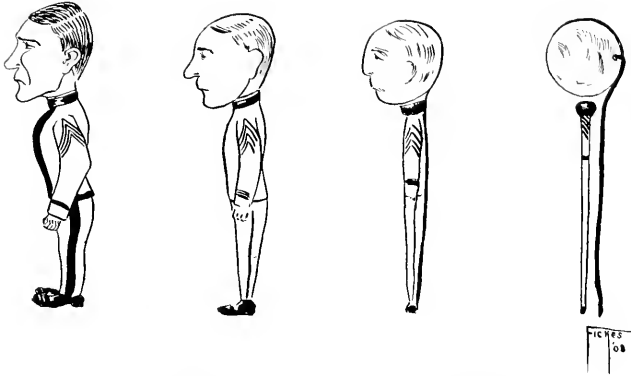
The paper may have appeared to some to have been too egotistical, in that the doings of other colleges were treated in too slight a way. But the excuse is sought that the Institute is a world within itself, and the sheet appears as a weekly message to those exiles from it, now scattered far and wide, who once wore the cadet gray and to whom the memory of bygone days is still dear.

The Alumni contribution to athletics, formation of Alumni Associations and V. M. I. clubs at other schools, Government recognition of the Institute, have been among the things worked and planned for in Volume I.

The Alumni have responded generously to the call for their aid; every cadet is a subscriber. The work has been a tedious one at times, but the Staff feels fully repaid by the expressions of thanks and appreciation as evidenced in numerous letters from the Alumni.



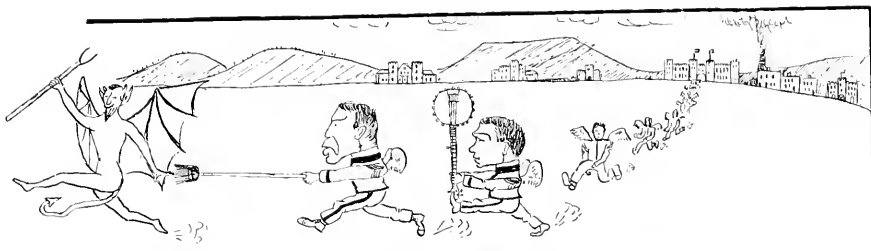
THE "CADET" STAFF.



BOB, HIS "SHAGGER STICK" AND HIS "MONOKER."



HOW "ROCK" ACCOUNTS FOR IT.



Y - M - C - A

The Y. M. C. A. at the Virginia Military Institute

One can scarcely realize, on looking at that largest of American Societies, the Young Men's Christian Association, that such a thing was unknown until sixty years ago. About the middle of the nineteenth century, the work was first started in the large cities of our country; the idea rapidly took hold; recruits were enlisted everywhere, and many college men became interested. Of the work that is being done all over the country, of the homes given yearly to thousands of young Americans, who would otherwise fall into evil paths, every one knows. A branch less well-known is that conducted among students at our numerous colleges and universities. Practically every institution of learning in our broad land now has an active branch of the Y. M. C. A.

In Virginia, work was begun early among the schools. At the University of Virginia in 1858, Rev. J. Wm. Jones, then an undergraduate there, perceived that this was an excellent way in which to reach thousands of young men and interest them in a Christian life.

Not until some years later, in 1883, was a beginning made at the Virginia Military Institute. Unlike most other schools here the unceasing round of military and academic duties occupies nearly all the working hours of the cadets.

Nevertheless, the Y. M. C. A., has here a flourishing branch, with fully three-fourths of the cadets as members. The weekly meetings of the association prove



very interesting, and are always well attended. The leaders are in most cases drawn from the faculty and from the clergy of Lexington, all of whom evince great interest in the work at the Institute. In addition to the regular meetings, which take place every Sunday evening, there are frequent gatherings during the week, when workers from abroad address the cadets.

In 1905 was inaugurated one of the most beneficial features of the association, when Bible Classes were formed. There are now a number of these, all in a flourishing condition. This year was marked by increased influence by these classes. That formerly conducted by the Episcopalians has lately been changed into an Episcopal Club. The forty odd members meet every two weeks, and hold short services.

The church club, however, has practically the same ends as the Bible classes. These objects are to give every student in barracks a closer knowledge of God's word, so that even when they have bade farewell to the Institute the habit of Bible study will remain with them. Also the men are given some training in winning souls to Christ.

During the year past quite a number of cadets attended the State Convention, which met in Lynchburg in February. The delegates were Messrs. Hewson, Owsley, Porter, Jacobs, Wagner, Poague, H.; Thomas, Crowson, Smith, H.; Davant, R. and Biedler, P. They were present at all the most important meetings of the Convention, and heard discussions of all the work being done and being contemplated by the Y. M. C. A.

Those at the head of the local branch may well feel gratified at the work accomplished during the past session. The Y. M. C. A., is destined to exert an even more potent influence than it has wielded in the years since its foundation at V. M. I.





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The Cadet Dialectic Literary Society



Officers.

J. M. FRAY	<i>President</i>
T. M. SCOTT	<i>Vice President</i>
A. M. OWSLEY	<i>Secretary</i>
R. B. SAUNDERS	<i>Assistant Secretary</i>
E. H. HANCOCK	<i>Treasurer</i>

In 1908, was reorganized a society founded in 1849 by Samuel Garland and J. M. Massie under the name of the Cadet Dialectic Society. For years the cadets supported this society, but recently interest lagged, attendance dwindled, and finally it went out of existence.

In February, Acting Superintendent E. W. Nichols made an earnest effort toward the reorganization of a society, the benefits of which were so apparent; his efforts were crowned with success, and the Cadet Dialectic Literary Society was established on a firm basis. Its membership is large, and with it are connected men who will insure improvement and enlargement.

Meetings are held weekly, and the members are encouraged to take part in the discussion of current events. All have their hearts in their work; oratory was included when it was said "The heart lendeth grace to every art."

A. M. O. '09.



Elegy Written in the V. M. J. Courtyard



(With apologies to Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.)

The bugle sounds the call of dreamy hay,
The silent guards march slowly to their rest,
The sergeant wanders off in careless way,
And leaves me here to shield each throbbing breast.

Now dimly gleams the visionary sky,
And peaceful rest steals silent o'er the post,
Save for the drowsy lull of murmur nigh,
And senseless visions of some fleeting ghost.

Save for the softened hush of summer's breeze,
Whose endless wand'rings soothe the troubled night,
While melancholy statues rest at ease,
Enchanted by the myths and ghostly light.

Within those battled walls three hundred sleep,
Away from worldly care and ceaseless strife,
Surrounded by the shadows as they creep
To fill each barren room with shapeless life.

Perhaps behind the curtained throne of dreams,
Some phantom spirit beckons each to come,
To drown his lonely cares in mystic streams
Till morning brings the call of life and drum.

Le Revcille.

*No hope for those who rest and dream in peace,
The piercing notes of "rev." invade each cell,
With frosty key the gates of sleep release,
And wake each soul to find a living hell.*

A. B. D. '08.



Mandolin Club



BRITTON, *Leader.*

Mandolins

CHAMBERS

McCLELLAN

BALL, L.

DRAYTON

ROBERTSON

EARLE

BOWMAN

BRITTON

Guitars

SAUNDERS

DAVANT, E.

Violin

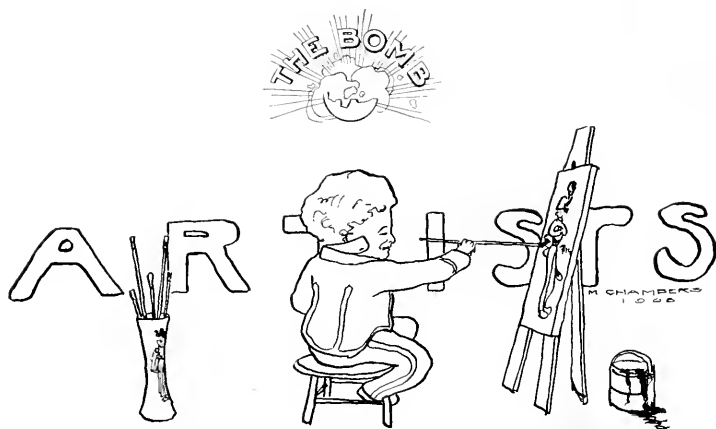
WAGNER, PIERCE

Banjo

CARTER



THE MANDOLIN CLUB, 1907-08.



GENTRY

CHAMBERS

FICKES

EARLE

BRITTON

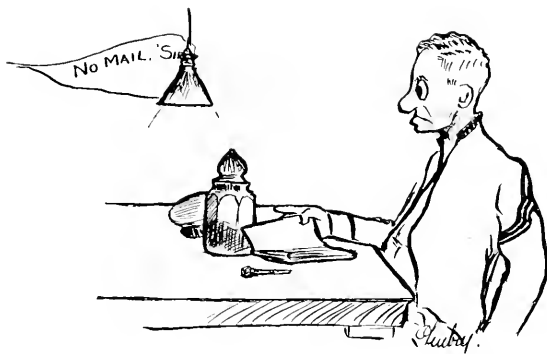
THE "BOMB" owes a great measure of its success as an annual to its illustrations. Most of them show phases of purely cadet life, and so are appreciated to the highest degree by men who have attended the V. M. I. But we think they will appeal to all as depicting, with various degrees of skill, our true life.

To Gentry and Fickes are due credit for all the colored work. The former's "Alone" was selected as the frontispiece, and the latter's "Guard Mount Girl" to accompany the write-up of the mid-year hops. Other pictures by each are scattered through these pages.

Britton, Chambers and Earle have done a large percentage of the pen and ink sketches. Britton may claim all the honors for the caricatures; at this kind of work he is an adept, as is evidenced by his striking likenesses. Chambers uses the pen well, but to the Staff he seems prone to portray his own likeness.

To the whole staff of artists many thanks are due. Should the reader deem this number of the "Bomb" a success, it is to them he should turn with his approval.

THE BOMB





"THE BOYS."



“Fin Out! 1908.”



Rat days. Rat days.
Dear old finning out days,
Drillin' an' cussin' and etiquette,
Taught to the tune of a bayonet;
For water and stamps you made me run,
I also cleaned your slimy gun,
You soaked me and thought it was lots of fun,
When we were a pair of cadets.



TEN YEARS AGO, on a bright June morning, the writer, who had finned out in “D” Company’s rear rank for quite a spell, dropped his furry tail and yelled with delight because he could enjoy the privilege of perfect equality with his fellow men. When the band played Auld Lang Syne, and the class of 1898 shed the customary tears, we thought we were the chocolate drop lads. Those were the good old days before Lexington went dry. Time used to be when by judicious dodging of the “subs” and the possession of the necessary nickel, one could slide into the back door of an alcoholic emporium and get a glass of suds slipped to him. The town, not wanting to corrupt the morals of the youth, closed up the booze dumps and changed the cadet appetite from the retail quantities to wholesale.

Looking back over my old days at the Institute, days that stand out today as strongly in my memory as when I lived them, the one thing that impressed me as being the best training I received was that, for the time being, harrassing period known as “rathood.” The struggle against weak-heartedness, homesickness and a strong desire to blow the whole game, was a great and wonderful lesson. Did you, my dear cadet readers, ever sit in your room writing a letter to your mother



in which you were bragging about how fine a place you were in, and as you wrote didn't some old cadet come in and slip you the double cross in some way, and didn't a tear or two come down your cheeks as you finally managed to finish your missive. I've got all the letters I wrote home when I was a rat, and looking over them, it strikes me that I was either possessed of a bunch of nerve or was an awful liar, one of the two. Still, God hates a quitter; so does the world; so do the upper classes when a rat gets "cold feet" and "beats it." The training a rat got in my day was to convince him that any ideas of superiority which might have been born in his mind were hopelessly futile; that as far as the machinery of the Institute was concerned he was only a necessary cog, to be seen and not heard; that if he had any thoughts coming, he would spring them to himself after taps; and, that in general, he was tolerated only because the rules of the game required his presence, very much as a deuce is needed in a deck of cards.

I will never forget my experiences when I landed at the Hotel one cold night in January, 1898. While I had never been away from the mountains of Tennessee and north Georgia to attend a college, or to even remain over a week by myself, I had the enthusiasm of the average kid, and imagined with the feeling of Monte Cristo, that "The world was mine." I thought I would claim my first possession by annexing the V. M. I. Having been a couple of years in the National Guard of the State of Tennessee, and having, after a rather difficult examination, risen to the exalted grade of Corporal, I could not conceive of a thing about military tactics which had not been acquired. I seemed to myself to be the wise lad, the candy kid, the bon-bon caramel, when it came to soldierly knowledge. I was just as certain to get the ranking corp, as it existed. And be hazed? Why, most certainly not.

There is a certain region, presided over by the party who invented penalty tours, which is said to be "paved with good intentions." At present, I suppose



I have miles and miles of streets in that delightful resort. On that cold winter night, I had a host of intentions. They were sadly shattered in about ten days, and I was a plain, every-day rat getting all that was coming my way—and then some, because I had started out by being “cheeky.” To tell the truth, I tried to draw a flush. Had four hearts and tried to catch the other one, but instead corralled a club—and a big one.

They put me in a squad with a bowlegged man in front and a fellow from the wilds of North Carolina in the rear. Neither could keep step, and I just simply *had* to laugh at my predecessor’s legs. Every time he made a miscue, I let loose a “holler” and caught a ramrod on the mit. Laughing, when I should have been on the job, got me in bad, and the bowlegged man who worked hard and kept his countenance padlocked was put in the company before I was, got a good corp, and is now a Major in the National Guard, his legs fitting a horse nicely. I do not recall whether my hat was reduced in size, but if the roof covering remained normal, my ideas about a few things became considerably lower. I cleaned guns, chased up stamps, cigarettes, and did what I was told. Finally, after a few months of hard work, I succeeded in getting through without being “found,” although the laurel wreath of the two wrist chevrons failed to light on me, and became a Third Classman. Three years later, through the Grace of God and the oversight of Colonel Tucker, I managed to graduate, and was tossed on the world in search of three meals a day.

All of the foregoing, rather long line of personal conversation, the details of which are more or less familiar to those who read these lines, is taken as a subject for a little talk to the graduating class, shortly to matriculate in the university of life. Unless the graduating class is a marvel, and totally unlike other classes, there are several cases of a slight enlargement of the cranium. It’s perfectly natural, though, as we have all been through it. The members of the class of 1908, after strutting around all year in their “blues” and capes; after having



been the privileged, dignified, envied idols of the under-classmen; after receiving a fragment of parchment from the faculty, are then only an aggregation of rats. Yes, my dear 1908 friends, "rats," and what the upper classmen in the game of life are going to do for you will be good and plenty.

Just as when father put you on the train and mother fondly kissed her boy good bye before you came to the V. M. I., so, now, your Alma Mater presses your hand and sends you to a great school, whose "rat" days makes your former days resemble about thirty cents worth of dog meat as compared with a double porter-house steak.

Before you donned your gray clothes, you made lots of resolutions, didn't you? You were going to study; you were going to get an office; you weren't going to be pestered by old cadets, and so on. You didn't keep any of these resolutions did you? Tell the truth. Outside of a few fellows who have boned and landed the Jackson-Hopes and the stars and the small proportion which will sell their chevrons to the second class, you know that you are all about the same bunch.

You have had your little epidemic of fun, and are now facing a new order of things. At the beginning of your new "rat" days, you are saying lots of things to yourself about how you "aren't going to do this and are going to do that." Then when the executioner springs the trap there will be a few surprises in store for you. Some solemn person on the platform will slip you a package of pious junk about the wonderful things ahead of you. You will swell up and imagine that your individual successes will be plucked from the trees. You will hurry into your cits, and then I see a vision of a laughing world which will make you think of a crowd of new third classmen coming back several days ahead of the opening of school to devil the rats. You will blow into place after place, and get a line of crimps put into you like this:

"Mister, what's your name?"



"Where did you come from?"

"Who do you know there that I know."

"What can you do to help build up my business?"

"Stand up, rat. Throw away that cigarette. Fin out."

Maybe you won't get as considerate treatment as that. Maybe they'll hand you one off the bat like this:

"Mister Blank, you are as dumb as an owl. You can't do me any good. Beat it."

Then, after finding that the world is not handing out any princely rolls of Uncle Sam's steel engravings, each member of the new "rat class of 1908," will settle down to his little routine in the game of life, until by hard work the busy world advances him to another class. It is not intended in this connection to stack you up against a place as a hack or a drudge. Sometimes a little nerve judiciously used, a little tact or a new idea will go further toward getting out of the rat class than boning your eyes out, but it's work, just the same, to nail the ideas when they come down the road.

Some of you men will get into the regular army. You will find when you get in, that you are only an embryo officer—a shavetail. Chances are that your captain, a man of many years' experience, would much prefer the loss of yourself than his first sergeant. You may know your drill book, and may very prettily draw a sword, but the first sergeant is the daddy of the company, and knows his men as an engineer knows all the mechanism of the locomotive.

If you decide to go into Engineering, you will doubtless have to carry a chain and cut stakes for some time before you can apply your theory to the instruments. If you want to study medicine, saw the bones of the world, or learn to talk big unintelligible words or write cipher dispatches in Latin addressed to a corner drug store, you will discover that after four more years of chasing after a diploma, you need a couple more of hospital work before you can commence the



task of curing "all the ills that human flesh is heir to." Besides, the young doctor is usually starved and hazed by the older fellows who stall the amateurs by a hard line of talk with their medical ethics.

If you want to buck the law game, you have a rough road to travel. For at least three years you become a "rat student." You get admitted to the bar, and in five or six years, you are a "rat practitioner." You pick up what little business the olders lawyers won't fool with, which is usually rare, and in five or ten years, you may be recognized as a lawyer, and you may not.

Should any of the members of the 1908 class decide to adopt a business career, you will find that the kid who swept out the store for three case notes a week, and who has risen up to seventy-five a month, whose knowledge of calculus and such is nil, but who knows all of the details of the business, has the inside track over any college graduate who was ever turned out upon an unsuspecting world.

Men of 1908, I have handed you some cold facts. Do not look at them pessimistically and imagine that I am seeking to throw a damper on you as you join the big league. I had been requested by your editor to slip you a little dope on things in general. Instead of handing you a bundle of platitudes about the rosy side of the game and saying a lot of pretty things, I rather choose to express my thoughts in shoulder-to-shoulder language, which though frowned upon by the rules of rhetoric is as near straight talk as is possible to hand out. I have had a bunch of different experiences, good, bad and indifferent. After ten years have elapsed from the time I shed my furry tail, and after several years playing the game with varied results, I find myself simply a "rat" in the metropolitan game, with prospects of finning out some time before I get into the front rank. It strikes me that to the "rat" who gets on the job and who plays his hand on the level, there is a show to win out. Some men stay but a short time in the "rat" class of life; others never get out of it. It is entirely up to each individual to



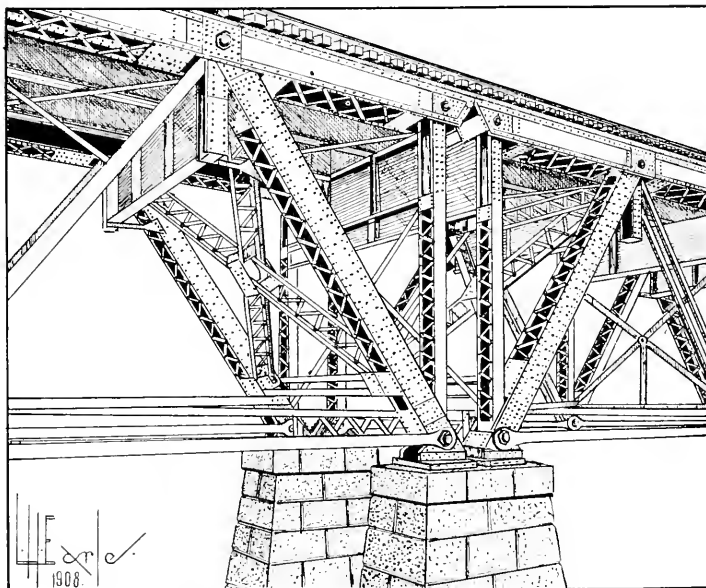
work it all out for himself. Don't, I beg of you, don't leave the Institute thinking that the whole world is one big sucker ready to fall for a "rat's" becoming first captain. While there is one sucker born every minute, most of the people in this world possess a tendency to be from Missouri. Take it from one who has both four-flushed and caught, that you are simple rats. Be good rats and you will be upper classmen some day, in the meantime, however, sometime in June, you will hear the world which awaits you say in stentorian tones, "FIN OUT! 1908."

H. P. FRY, '01.





ENGINEERING



DEPARTMENT



Civil Engineering Course



Instructors

Col. JONES

Capt. MECREDY

Capt. WILSON

Students

First Class

ADAMS, I.

DESHAZO

MCCURDY

BLOCH

EARLE

MALONE

BOND

FRAY

MASSIE

BROOKE

HEWSON

FECK

BROWN

HIRST

FENDLETON

CHAMBERS

JARVIS

SCOTT

SMITH

TALIAFERRO

WICKHAM

WOLFE

Second Class

ALEXANDER

DRAYTON

MAGRUDER

ADAMS, F.

GATES

McMILLEN, R.

BURACKER

JAMES

McMILLEN, N.

BRITTON

KEEN

FOLK

CASKIE

MAYO

RICHARDSON

SINCLAIR

SMITH, W.

WHEELER

WAGNER

WHITE, O.



Electrical Engineering Course



Instructors

Col. MALLORY

Capt. MARSHALL

Capt. POAGUE

Students

First Class

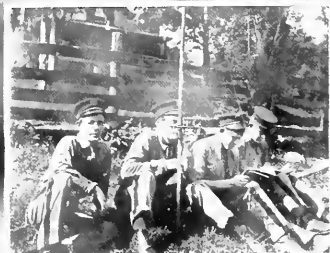
ANDERSON, R.	DONNAN	GENTRY	JONES
ANDERSON, S.	DUNBAR	GRANT	LEWIS
BIEDLER	EDWARDS	HANCOCK	PIERCE
CARTER	ENGLEMAN	HUNTER	RANKIN
DASHIELL	FERRELL	JOHNSON	SCHMIDT
SCHULTZ		WARD	

Second Class.

BRETT	MADDUX
CROCKETT	MINIS
DOWNEY	NOEL
ELLISON, L.	RHETT, W.
GANT	Scott



MISS JENNY-RATOR

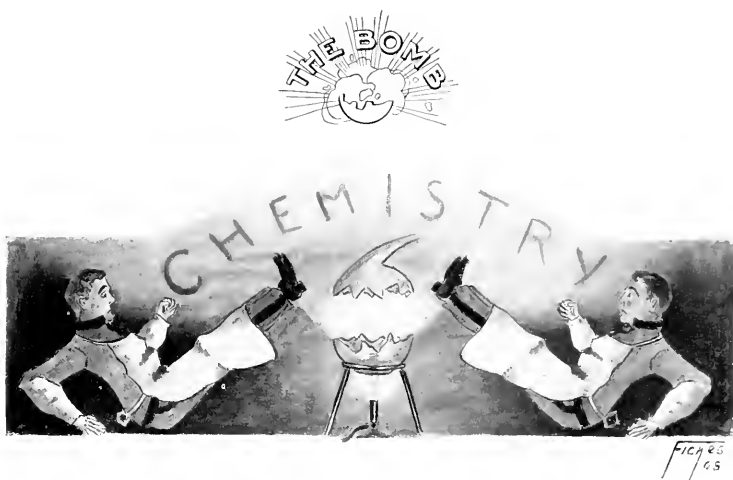


ENGINEERING



DETAILS

CAPT. LA PRADE



Chemical Course

Instructors

COL. PENDLETON

COL. TUCKER

Students

First Class

DOYLE, J.

DREWRY

DEVVAULT

FICKES

HOWELL

Second Class

DOYLE, H.

JENKINS

MINTON

DUNCAN

JACOB

OWSLEY

GRAMMER

JONES, L.

PORTER

HOBSON

LINDSEY

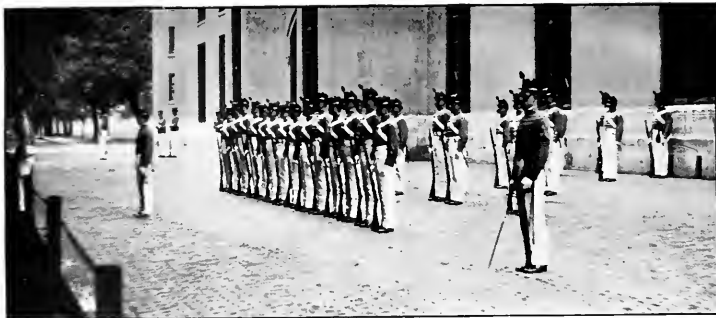
PARRISH

HAYES

McCLELLAN

POLLOCK

POAGUE, T.



Guard Mounting



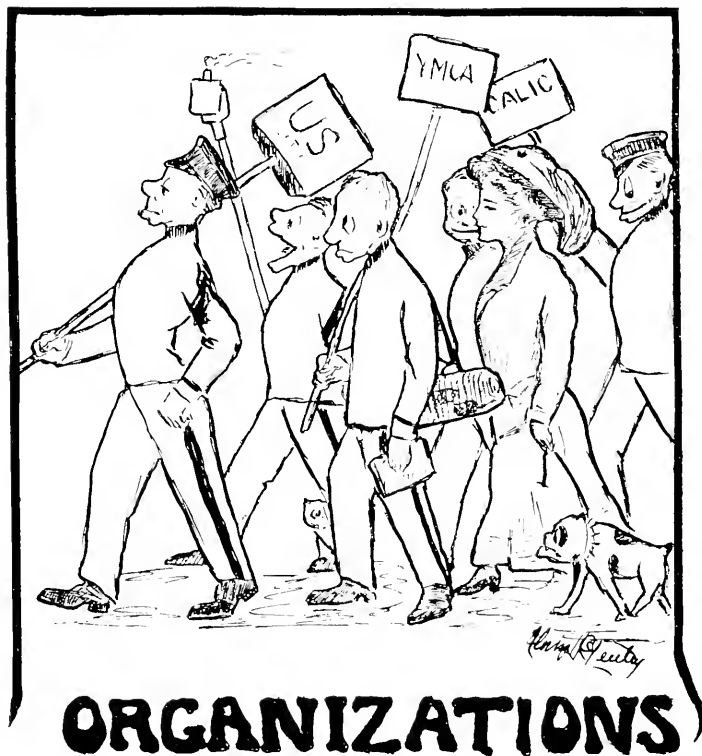
Notwithstanding the condition of the weather, and not excepting any day of the year from the opening of school to that day which bears the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the ceremony "Guard Mounting" is held daily. In spite of its frequency and of the fact that every cadet has to go at least once every two weeks, while some have to go every day, it is an exercise much witnessed and appreciated by the cadets themselves, to say nothing of its impressiveness to visitors.

It is held just after breakfast, and, as the name implies, it "mounts" or fits for duty a guard for the entire day, until "Guard Mounting" the next morning. So important is this ceremony that a day is reckoned as the time from one "Guard Mounting" to another.

The number of cadets attending the ceremony depends principally on the strength of the guard required. It is usually about forty, and out of these, twenty-five are on guard, five during the day and twenty at night. The other cadets and the band which is present every day except Sunday, assist in performing the military functions.

Overcoats are worn in winter and full dress in spring, summer and the warmer part of fall. During the greater part of the year "Guard Mounting" is held in front of barracks on the Company parade grounds, but for the last two or three months it is held on the "Hill." This is when its military features are most impressive, for, although all "Guard Mountings" are essentially the same in general, those held on the "Hill" present, by reason of greater space, more details and movements than those held on the Company parade grounds.

Those who do not know the meaning or understand the object, of "Guard Mounting" fail to get full benefit of its manœuvres, but even on these its beauty is not lost, for it gives them a thrill of pleasure which can be produced only by a body of soldiers.







Cotillion Club



A. E. DONNAN *President*

STEWART W. ANDERSON *Vice-President*

Members

ADAMS ANDERSON, R. T. BEIDLER, W. T.

BLOCH BOND BROOKE BROWN

CARTER CHAMBERS DASHIELL

DeSHAZO DeVAULT

DOYLE DREWRY

DUNBAR

EARLE EDWARDS

ENGLEMAN FERRELL FRAY

FICKES GENTRY, A. H. GRANT HANCOCK, E. H.

HEWSON HIRST, J. T. HOWELL HUNTER JARVIS

JOHNSON, C. JONES, H. T. LEWIS

McCURDY MALONE MASSIE

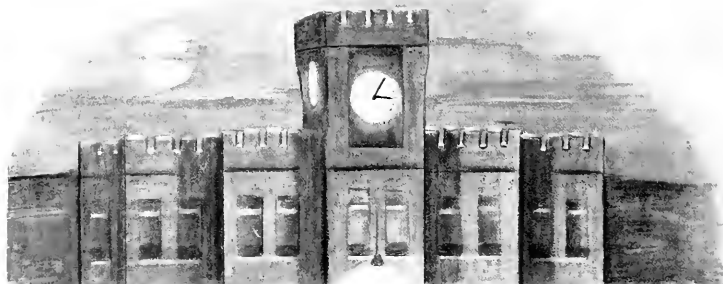
PEEK PENDLETON

PIERCE

RANKIN, E. SCHMIDT

SCOTT, J. T. SMITH, R. L. TALIAFERRO, E.

WARD, G. B. WICKHAM WOLFE



TOURIST CLUB

FICKES
08

ADAMS, I.	DeVAULT	HIRST
BOND	DOYLE	HOWELL
BROWN, S.	FERRELL	McCURDY
CHAMBERS	FICKES	RANKIN
DASHIELL	GRANT	WICKHAM
DeSHAZO	MALONE	WOLFE

This Club was organized in the latter part of the year 1830 with a membership of nearly 99.9% of the Corps. Since then it has prospered. The cut shows a view often seen by the enthusiasts in their wanderings with bayonets for Baedekers and rifles for Alpine stocks. Owing to limited space only the life-members' names are entered above.—EDITOR.



"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."—Shakespeare

COLOR

Brunette and Blonde

MOTTO

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

"Bulldig" Massie	Chief Calicoist
"Ike" ADAMS	of a family of Fussers
"Goo" JONES }	Cultivators of Briar Roses
"Mick" MALONE }	
"Pin" DONNAN	Parasol Wielder
"Weelie" HIRST	Love on Roller Skates
"Fossil" FICKES	"What is the fare to Lynchburg?"
"Lonnie" GENTRY	Mexican Enthusiast
"Skin" RANKIN	Calic Toaster
"Hip" JARVIS	"My name shows on the cape!"
"Con." FERRELL	"She never saw me!"
"Pal" DESHAZO	Proposes in Three Weeks

Sponsor—COL. JONES



FUNDAMENTAL EQUATION $y = \sin X$ COLORS—Amber brown and sea foam white

"Sounds of reveille by night."*

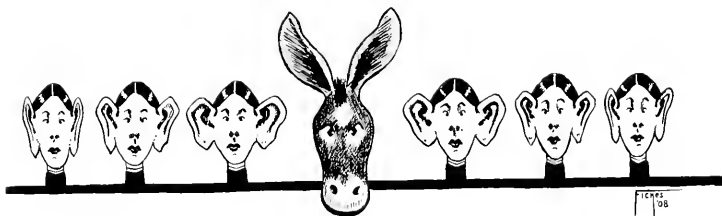
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Comus—lines 102-103

Frater ex honore—"Fossil" FICKES *Fratres in Facultate*—"Pole" and "Freddie"

"Funk" ENGLEMAN, Broncho-Buster	Chief B. S.
"Hip" JARVIS, alias John Buena Karne	Keeper of Sparking Plugs
"Quack" PIERCE, Silent Pard	Chief Chemist
"Connection" FERRELL, Ragster	Chief Hostler
"Ikey" BLOCH, India Rubber	Chief Hydraulician
"Schlitz" SCHULTZ, Dutchascheese	Y. M. C. A. Delegate
"Ape" LEWIS, R. E. Morse	W. W. Farrier
"Kid" TALIAFERRO, Beef Extract (or)	Porter, E. and P.
"Mick" MALONE, Eye Detective	Commissary of Aquarium
"Mac" WOLFE, ——— right	Chief Somnambulist
"Puss" HANCOCK, Billy Goat	Official Lamp-post
"Molly" ANDERSON, Nanny Goat	Official Punster
"Injun" SCOTT, Any old kind of a Goat	Chief Scout
"Miss" CASKIE—Lady Member	Lord High Chaperone
"Sour" EDWARDS	Human Bromo
"Chollie" DRAYTON	Chief Pilot
"Jimmie" BRITTON	Wielder of Knockouts
} Herd of Goats	

*Society organized for original research on the capacity and endurance of hollow receptacles under stresses due to gasified liquids, Piedmonts and pretzels.



The Flop-eared Club



"He who hath ears to 'ear let him 'ear."

DEVault	Chief "Maud"
JOHNSON, C	Her Mate
ANDERSON, S	Parasol to Her Highness
PENDLETON	Wielder of the Fans
LEWIS	Official Tent when in the Field
JARVIS	Chief Weather-vane by Appointment
SCHULTZ	Court Jester

Ambassador from Court Circles

Colonel "Tommy"



Officers

High Chief Ranger
Grand Secretary
Grand Treasurer

G. B. WICKHAM
A. H. GENTRY
E. J. BOND, JR.

Members

J. E. DOYLE
EARL RANKIN
W. T. POAGUE, JR.
R. T. PENDLETON
B. R. HOWELL

P. S. GRANT
C. W. STEVENS
A. B. DeVault
H. E. DOYLE
GEO. W. STEVENS

R. M. GRAMMER
T. M. SCOTT
D. R. McMILLEN
G. T. ROBERTSON
J. POLLOCK, JR.



Officers

W. WARREN FERRELL	President
WILLIAM T. BIEDLER	Close Second

Members *

"Bill"	Lord High Shineybus
"Connection"	Aide-de-Camp to Shineybus

*Membership strictly limited.



*They shall beat their swords into plough shares and their spears into pruning hooks.
Is. II. 4.*

COLOR

Pea-green

MOTTO

"Far from gay cities and the ways of men"

"Rockbridge" ANDERSON	County Representative and Top Rung in the Ladder
"Bresh" ENGLEMAN	Timber Ridge Orchard Specialist
"Bull" HANCOCK	Donater of "bull" luck
"Puss" GRANT	Only by Name
"Duck" PIERCE	Lord High Tenant
"Chicken" BARNES	Walking Delegate
"Water-duck" BOND	Hero of North River
"Mam" FRAY	Official Hay-maker
"Sour" EDWARDS	Chief Lemon-tree

High Cock of the Walk

"Rooster" POAGUE



FAMILIAR SCENES



Final German, June 22, 1908.



A. E. DONNAN, *Leader*

STEWART ANDERSON, *Assistant Leader*

Marshals

ADAMS, I.

BROWN, S. E. BIEDLER, W. T.

BLOCH BROOKE CHAMBERS CARTER

DASHIELL DeSHAZO DONNAN DUNBAR DOYLE, J.

DeVAULT EDWARDS, R. FICKES FERRELL

FRAY JONES, H. GENTRY, A.

GRANT

HANCOCK HEWSON HUNTER

JARVIS LEWIS MASSIE MALONE

McCURDY PEEK PENDLETON PIERCE RANKIN, E.

SMITH SCHMIDT TALIAFERRO

WOLFE ENGLEMAN

WARD, G.





Final Ball, June 24, 1908



A. M. OWSLEY *President* H. J. PORTER *Vice President*

Marshals

ADAMS, F. W.,	G. M. ALEXANDER,	G. H. BRETT
L. N. BRITTON	E. M. BURACKER	H. B. CASKIE,
A. S. CROCKETT,		B. J. DOWNEY,
H. E. DOYLE,		C. H. DRAYTON,
R. GANT,		D. M. GARBER,
O. GATES,	R. M. GRAMMER,	
S. L. HAYES,	J. W. HOBSON,	
H. A. JACOB,	T. G. JAMES,	
C. W. JENKINS,	E. L. LINDSEY,	
J. MAGRUDER,	M. T. MAHONE,	
R. W. McCLELLAN,	J. C. NOEL,	
R. E. PARRISH,	G. W. POLK,	
J. POLLOCK,	W. M. RHETT,	
J. RICHARDSON,	T. M. SCOTT,	
J. L. SINCLAIR,	C. W. STEVENS	
R. F. WAGNER,	O. B. WHITE	

Committeemen

Second Class

D. R. McMILLEN C. A. MINTON

Third Class

R. B. SAUNDERS C. C. BROWN

Fourth Class

C. R. DAVANT H. W. SMITH

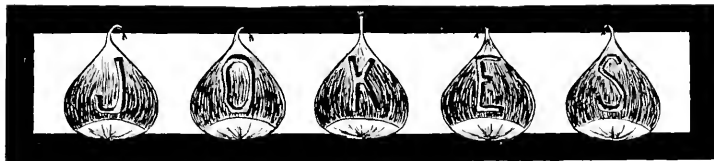


FIGURE 10

This is not a joke—"Gentlemen, no mercy will be shown."

LIKEWISE—"Here simplicity ends"—page 398, Geology.

MAM (at Foot-ball practice)"See that scrub over there? In three weeks he'll be our best man."

MISS COLWIDOW—"Oh, Mr. F—, this is so sudden."

GOO—"Somewhere in the Rural Mountains"

COL T.—"No, Mr. J., your idea is right, but—"

GOO—"Colonel, I'm somewhat lost in this subject."

COL. T.—"Well, you know the lost are found."

COL. N. (In Commercial Law Class)—"Mr. F.—, who is the teller?"

CADET F.—"He's the man who works the rudder."

"Allow me to support you," said the cadet, at the rink, to a young lady, who was undergoing great difficulty.

"For life?" she questioned.

Well everything is fair in leap-year.

A cadet from V. P. I. was greatly shocked at the crudeness of our chevrons. He inquired what office was held by a cadet with a band of black crape around his arms.

A sun-beam thrown by a mirror, flashed across the court-yard into "Pope's" section room.

Col P.—scratched his head and slowly remarked, "I wish the section marcher would tell the occupants of thirty-four to stop casting reflections on our section."

GEORGIE WICK—"Colonel, if you give us all that, we will not have time for hay."

COL. J.—"If you men don't leave hay alone, you will be braying next."

1ST CADET—"Come on and take a skate."

2ND CADET—"I haven't the time."

1ST CADET—"You have an hour an a half."

2ND CADET—"Yes, but remember, 'time is money.'"



CADET D—(when a rat) “the patrol is a part of the guard house.”

“Stoney” (to the guides) “The proper distance is only seventy-two inches, while I find some of the guides have as much as seventy-five.”

“Ike” stumped his toe and tried to imitate a “stumbling block.”

PREACHER—“Modern dancing is mere hugging by music. What shall we do to reform it?”

HALF-ASLEEP CADET ON BACK BENCH—“Cut out the music.”

PERCY (over the phone to ask his calic to go with him to the ball-game) “Oh, say, are you going to the ball game Saturday?”

ANSWER—“Can’t say yet.”

PERCY—“Why?”

ANSWER—“Oh, I don’t know.”

PERCY (with an inspiration)—“Who is that?”

ANSWER—“Mary Jane, the cook.”

O, Beefsteak, there upon my plate,
For thee I sigh, on thee I saw!
Why is it the fibres will not part
That I may fill my empty maw?
This world a paradise would be
If friends would hold as firm as thee.

Which?

“If you feel chilly,” said “Maw” as they strolled, “remember I have you shawl here on my arm.” “You might put it around me.” Miss Colwidow said, demurely.

Shakespeare at V. M. I.

FOURTH CLASS—“Comedy of Errors.”

THIRD CLASS—“Much Ado About Nothing.”

SECOND CLASS—“As You Like It.”

FIRST CLASS—“All’s Well That Ends Well.”

COL. J.—“Why are you always behind in your lessons?”

CADET H.—“If I were not behind, then I could pursue them.”

If I hav uzed two many puns in this pile av joaks, i want too sa that it wuz on ackount ov won uv hour profezors ho said too another won that if he liked puns to get a-pun the flore.

JOKE EDITOR.

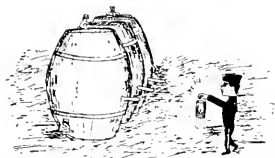


Our Subs

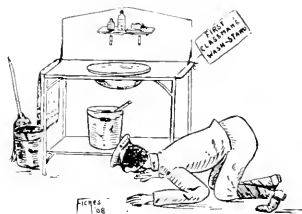


Cary Wilson, first on the list,
A worthless atom in the foggy mist.
A vulture paid him a visit one day,
For a very short while, it is needless to say.
And when the third class did something not right,
He searched the whole barrack for a yearling to fight.

"Sour" Burroughs, one of Heinz's 57,
Makes his daily inspection at a quarter of 11,
And when he walks into a first classman's room,
Looks under the washstand and behind the broom
Kicks over the bucket, takes the number of the door,
And goes down and bones them for match on the floor.



"Fuzzy" Campbell, the young ladies' dear,
On Sunday afternoon has a great nose for beer,
He made an inspection of the cellar below,
And what he found there, we all too well know.



Bobby Nichols, the cock of the walk,
You would think him a king if you once heard him talk,
He struts about barracks with dignified air,
Sporting rosy red cheeks and dark curly hair.





Next comes the dispenser of the "regulator" pill,
Who prescribes for cadets from a corn to a chill.
His chocolate colored dose neither bitter nor sweet
Is good for all ills from the head to the feet.
He gives it for bruises and gives it for sprains,
For toothache and headache, for cold and chilblains
And to Cadet hearts the hope often doth swell
That some day the "Gim" may prescribe pills in—

"Dinky" Marshall, the first classmen's pet,
In Electrical Lab. is kept constantly wet.
On a certain occasion was subject to fright,
When he met a third classman uptown that night
He rushed back to barracks the tale to relate,
But poor old "Dinky" was a half hour too late.



Now for the "Rooster", a great baseball star,
He could knock out Fitzsimmons without a scar.
Although small in stature, he has a swelled head,
"Is it anything personal?" he often has said.

Then comes the successor to Johnny E. Mort,
It is useless to say the only one of his sort,
Being shot with authority, he bones with delight,
For a military subship, he keeps ever in sight.





Seymour Paul, with his Mellins Food face,
An elegant youth overflowing with grace,
A fine record-breaker when it comes to a race,
He gave to three rats, a most wonderful chase.

Next comes the Togo who resembles a Jap,
And wants to be rested in a young lady's lap,
An elegant singer, as shown by his voice,
"Max" has lately become quite the young ladies'
choice.



Hail to the "General," a box shaped young man,
Whose constant endeavor is to forget all he can,
He runs like a rabbit and jumps like a frog,
And spends all his time eating growly and dog.

W. W. F. '08.



The above is a life-size portrait of Col. Mills giving three minutes rest at Battalion Drill.



CADET—Say, what's the matter with Quack and Hippo?

FUNK—They both say that they are sick all over.

CADET—Just as I thought. Quack's got a head-ache and Hip the stomach-ache.

Ponty (reading an inscription on one of the stones in the Cadet Cemetery)—‘That's exactly what I want said about me ‘not dead but sleepeth.’

PONTY (again)—‘Say, do you see that crumb on my lip, well, shove it in my mouth.’

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Such energy is remarkable.)

FIRST CADET—‘Is Biedler a lawyer?’

SECOND CADET—‘No, why?’

FIRST CADET—‘Well, how did he get the degree B. L.?’

Goo and Mick believe that Horace Greely was right when he said ‘‘Young man go West.’’

At Jamestown, Rock gazed at the slide-trombone player a long while and at last said, ‘‘How the devil does he swallow that blamed thing so easy?’’

Holcome claims that he felt at home on the War Path.

It was night before Christmas and dear old Santa Claus brought ‘‘Happy’’ a volume of Baron Munchausen, which was intended for ‘‘Van’’ and ‘‘Joe’’, but ‘‘Happy’’ did not fail to follow up the cue. Octagon soap was left in number 78, but the hint was lost.

WILLIE—‘‘Col., you must have made a mistake in marking my last bridge truss. I don't think I deserve a complete zero.’’

COL. J.—‘‘Neither do I, Mr. H—, but it's the lowest mark that I'm allowed to give.’’

Willie was the only cadet not excused from B. P. during the winter.

Drew is still hunting for a sample of ‘‘steel ore.’’

Mick thought that March 17, was a national holiday and Sweet Pickles thought it was



Emancipation Day.

COL. J.—"The figure isn't drawn well."

CADET D—"I didn't care much about my figure."

COL. J.—"That is evident from the way you hold yourself."

LARRY—"Half dozen collars, please."

CAPT. G.—"What size did you want?"

LARRY—"Fourteen and one-half, sir."

CAPT. G.—"Beg pardon, but was it collars or shoes?"

Why so pensive, Hap, Robbie still dances?"

Some of the "bullen lieuts." had hoped that the amount of food in barracks last Christmas would induce "Quack" to desert the "growley" and let them command the battalion. Alas! their hopes are barren.





“The Last Call.”



The last call sounds so clearly and so drear
Ah, V. M. I., how sad to say farewell,
And thou at noon shall see each falling tear,
Shall see each bosom swell.

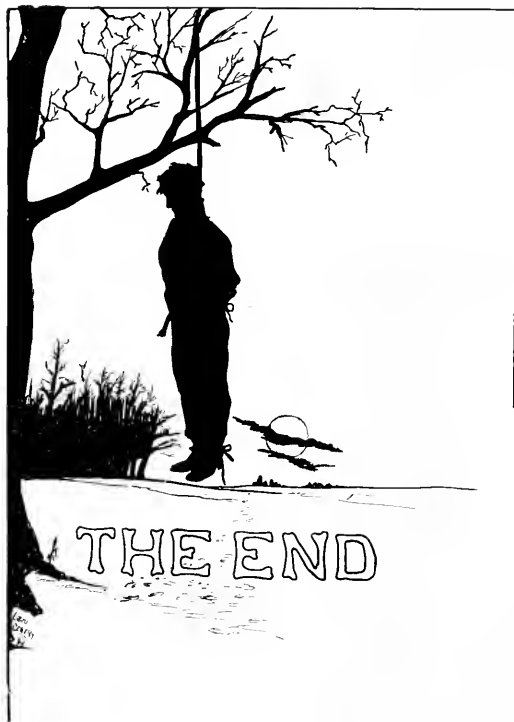
Life hath so held me to thy beating heart,
’Tis sad to sever now the ties which bind,
Tho’ fate decrees that we at last must part,
Still death would seem more kind.

To-morrow I may find an empty life,
With naught but memories fond to give it breath,
Made sadder by the toils of care and strife,
Which never end till death.

Amid the lingering chords of “Auld Lang Syne,”
I seem to feel thy spirit hovering near;
Ah, V. M. I., my heart is ever thine,
Thro’ life’s dark hour of fear.

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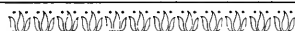
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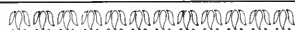
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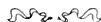
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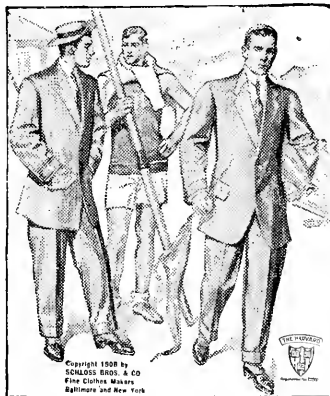
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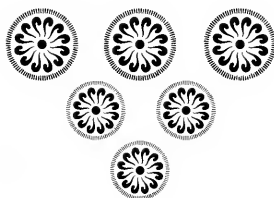
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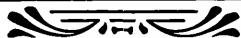
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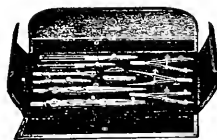
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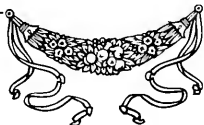
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